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THE REVOLUTIONARY PERIOD AND REVOLUTIONARY RELICS.

THE levees of President Washington were select and courtly. None were admitted but those who had either a right by official station or by established merit and character. *Full dress* was required of all. To understand full dress, a description will convey the best idea :

"Plain celestial blue satin gowns with white satin petticoat. About the neck a very large gauze handkerchief with border stripes of satin. The headdress of gauze, trimmed with a wreath of artificial flowers, hair dressed in curls, four large ones falling on each side of the neck, relieved by a chignon at the back."

London and Paris then, as now, modeled the dress worn by the ladies and gentlemen in society. Dress was discriminate and appropriate, both as regards the season and the wearer. Ladies never wore the same dresses at work and on visits. They sat at home or went out in the morning in dimity. Brocades, satins, and silks were reserved for evening and dinners. Muslins were not worn at all. When Mrs. Washington came from Mount Vernon to New York after the inauguration, we are told in journals of the day, that "like her illustrious husband she was clothed in the manufactures of our own country, in which her native goodness and patriotism appeared to the greatest advantage."

Dresses were made of gray India taffeta, and trimmed with blue silk fringe ; with this was worn a bodice of yellow with blue stripes. Frills of gauze, a la Henry IV, were worn about lowcut bodices. The gowns were very long-waisted. A bridal dress of August 7, 1780, was "a fawn-colored satin damask without a train, open in front, and over a blue satin damask

petticoat. The elbow sleeves were trimmed with lace. Shoes were pointed at the toe, and the heels were two inches high."

The vest of the bridegroom was made from a piece of the same damask as the bride's petticoat.

Waists the size of an orange and a half were the perfection of figure. Ladies wore large pockets under their gowns.

In the reign of Marie Antoinette (1782) Mrs. Jay, whose husband in connection with Franklin and Adams represented America in Paris in the negotiations which resulted in American Independence, writes :

"At present, the prevailing fashions are very decent and plain. The gowns, worn a l'Anglaise, are exactly like the Italian habits which were in fashion in America when I left it. The Sultana is also a la mode, but it is not expected that it will long remain so. Every lady makes them of slight silk. There is so great a variety of hats, caps, and cuffs, that it is impossible to describe them. I forgot to say, that the robe a l'Anglaise is trimmed with the same as the dress, but, if untrimmed, must be worn with an apron, and is undress."

The domination of French ideas in America after the Revolution found one form of expression in French fashions of dress ; and where New England women had formerly followed English models, and English reproductions of French models, they now copied the French fashions direct, to the improvement, I fancy, of their modes. The sudden and vast development of the Oriental trade is plainly marked by changes in the stuffs imported. Nankeens became one of the chief articles of sale. Shawls appeared in shopkeepers' lists.

Immense fans were carried for sunshades, as well as flirting. A fan used before the Revolution, and costing \$8, was of pictured paper with ivory frame. Ladies of these times were of decidedly better figures as to fullness of their chests and uprightness of their backs and shoulders. Round-shouldered women were not to be seen.

In the journal of *Mary Frampton* (1780) it is said that—

"At that time everybody wore powder and pomatum ; a large triangular thing called a cushion, to which the hair was frizzed up, with three or four enormous curls on each side ; the higher the pyramid of hair, gauze, feathers, and other ornaments was carried, the more fashionable it was thought, and such was the labor employed to rear the fabric that night-caps were made in proportion to it, and covered over the hair, immensely long pins—powder, pomatum, and all, ready for the next day."

"At one of her ladyship's drawing-rooms, owing to the extreme lowness of the ceiling, the ostrich feathers in the headdress of a most distinguished belle in New York City (Miss Mary McEvers) took fire from the chandelier." They were extinguished by one of the gallant gentlemen clapping them between his hands.

A Revolutionary soldier writes as follows on the subject of the fashion of high headdresses :

"Ladies, you had better leave off your high rolls,
Lest by extravagance you lose your poor souls—
Then haul out the wool and likewise the tow,
'Twill clothe our whole army, we very well know."

A New England clergyman wrote thus of the headdress of Mrs. General Knox, in 1787 :

"Her hair in front is craped up at least a foot high, much in the form of a churn, bottom upward, and topped off with a wire skeleton in the same form, covered with black gauze which hangs in streamers down her back. Her hair behind is in a large braid turned up and confined with a monstrous large crooked comb. She reminded me of the monstrous cap worn by the Marquis of Lafayette's valet, and commonly called on this account, the Marquis's devil."

Shoes were of celestial blue, with rose-colored rosettes. Of shoes for a New York belle in 1783, one pair were dark maroon embroidered with gold, others were white with pink.

The muskmelon bonnet used during the Revolution had numerous whalebone stiffeners in the crown, presenting ridges to the eye between the bones. A "calash bonnet" was always made of green silk. When indoors it could fall back in folds, like the springs of a calash or gigtop. To keep it over the head it was drawn up by a cord always held in the hands of the wearer. The only straw wear in use was that called the "straw beehive bonnet," generally worn by old people. All women wore caps; bare heads were never seen. Stiff stays and hoops from six inches to two feet on each side were the rule. In June for a headdress, a hat of white muslin, turned up in front and ornamented with white ostrich feathers was the mode. Also a cap of pink *crépe* and white lace, a bunch of flowers in front, and one ostrich feather. Some ladies wore bonnets, a *l'Espanole*, of white satin trimmed with a band of the same, a plume, and two cockades.

Very little jewelry was in use. Cased watches of turtle shell and "pinchbeck" were the earliest seen. Watches were so

rare that clockmakers were quite annoyed by people on the streets asking the time of day, and sun dials were accordingly put up on the walls of stores and houses. The best gentlemen of the country were content with silver watches.

Necklaces of gold beads about the size of a pea were in general use as appropriate neck ornaments for ladies.

For gentlemen were provided, according to the fashion of the times, long blue riding coats with steel buttons, scarlet vests or waistcoats, and yellow knee-breeches, and low shoes with gaiters of polished leather. For evening, gaiters were omitted and low shoes substituted—the legs (more or less genuine as to shape) were incased in silk stockings. At the end of the century hair was no longer powdered or worn long tied in a queue at the back, excepting by elderly gentlemen, and for the close fitting knee-breeches and stockings loose pantaloons reaching to the shoe were substituted.

It is said that "by 1770 the corps stood arrayed in gold-laced hats, blue coats, buff underclothes, and silk stockings with white linen spatterdashes. Chapeau-bras and cockade with black plume took the place of the old cocked hat in 1810, with red facings of the coat instead of buff."

In the early part of the Revolution the very boys wore wigs, and their dress was similar to that of the men. The use of wigs was not abandoned until after the return of Braddock's army. The King of England too, about that time, cast off his wig. The hair was powdered and braided, with curls at the sides.

No kind of cotton fabrics were then in use or known. "Coats of red cloth were considerably worn, and plush vests and breeches. It was then the test of a well-formed man that he could by his natural form readily keep his breeches above his hips and his stockings without gartering above the calf of the leg." The aforesaid calf, according to another writer, "being of more or less genuineness." Gentlemen used to carry muffettes in winter. They were little woolen muffs of various colors, just big enough to admit both hands up to the wrists, which were more exposed than now, for they wore short sleeves to their coats purposely to display their fine linen and plaited shirt sleeves, with their gold buttons and sometimes laced ruffles.

A tailor's advertisement in the *New York Gazetteer*, May 13, 1773, says:

"A general assortment of scarlet, buff, green, crimson, white, sky-blue and other colored superfine cloths. Superfine Genoa velvets, striped velverets for breeches of all colors. A neat assortment of gold and silver lace; gold and silver spangled buttons; gold buttons with loops and bands; silver-ground gold brocade for hats."

It was considered very foppish and undignified to wear a beard.

Washington, at presidential receptions, wore his hair powdered and gathered behind in a silk bag. His coat and breeches were of plain black velvet; with them he wore a white or pearl colored vest, and yellow gloves, cocked hat in hand, silver knee and shoe buckles, and long sword. After Braddock's defeat, he, having noticed the gay dress of the young English officer, sent to London for horse furniture with livery lace, a gold-laced hat, and two complete livery suits and two silver-laced hats for servants.

The patriot John Hancock, in 1792, wore "a red velvet cap, blue damask gown lined with velvet, a white stock, and white satin embroidered waistcoat, black satin smallclothes, white silk stockings, and red morocco slippers." A New England publisher going about his daily business is said to have worn "a pea-green coat, white vest, nankeen smallclothes, white stockings, and pumps fastened with silver buckles. His smallclothes were tied at the knees with riband of the same color, in double bows, the ends reaching down to the ankles. His hair was well loaded with pomatum, frizzled or *créped*, and powdered. Behind, his natural hair was augmented by the addition of a large queue, called, vulgarly, the false tail, which, enrolled in some yards of riband, hung halfway down his back."

Gentlemen promenaded the sidewalks in black velvet smallclothes and white embroidered satin vests, ruffled shirts, and velvet or cloth coats of any color in the rainbow. Shoes were fastened with glittering buckles, and heads crowned with powdered wigs and cocked hats. The men wore their hair tied up with ribbon in a large bunch in a form called queue, and the collars of their coats were sometimes of a different hue from

the coat. The Supreme Judges in winter wore robes of scarlet faced with black velvet, and in the summer black silk gowns. Gentlemen wore white wigs and walked with most majestic dignity. When a child I remember sitting primly beside my grandfather (for the grandfather of olden time did not allow himself to be ridden as a hobbyhorse), and he told me stories of his life in Virginia. When a young man he wore a ruffled shirt, knee breeches and silver buckles, hair tied with a ribbon, silk stockings, and low shoes, and "never, child, did a gentleman cross one leg over the other."

The interchange of dinners and suppers was frequent. For dinners the most fashionable hour was three o'clock. After supper the customary evening amusement was card playing.

At Mrs. Washington's levees the visitors were seated. Then tea and coffee were handed with plain plum cake. Afterwards Mrs. Washington would rise and say very smilingly, "The General retires at nine and I usually precede him."

Assemblies were held for dancing, but were conducted with such severe attention to propriety that nothing but the unanimous consent of the gentlemen subscribers would authorize admission. The only dances were the minuet and contradance.

I give a form of invitation, which at this time even, seems to be appropriate :

"DANCING ASSEMBLY.

ALBANY, 1791.

"The Honor of Mrs. Van Rensselaer's company is requested for the season.

"Stev. Van Rensselaer,	}	Managers.	{	Dudley Walsh,
"James Faville,				G. W. Mancius,
"Landers Lansing,				John V. Henry."

At a wedding in New England where there were ninety-two guests ninety-two jigs, fifty-two contradances, forty-five minuets, and seventeen hornpipes were danced. Here tripe suppers and turtle frolics were in vogue.

Visiting and invitation cards of all kinds were written or printed on ordinary playing cards, as no blank cards were imported. An example of these invitations reads as follows :

"The gentlemen of the army present their compliments to Mrs. Jeckell and beg the favor of her company to a ball at the State House on Monday next. "SATURDAY, *September 20, 1755.*"

An account of a ball given by the French ambassador, Marquis de Moustien, May 14, 1789, in honor of the inauguration of Washington, is in these words :

"After the President came in a company of eight couples formed in the other room and entered, two by two, and begun a most curious dance called *En Ballet*. Four of the gentlemen were dressed in French regimentals and four in American uniforms; four of the ladies with blue ribbons round their heads and American flowers and four with red roses and flowers of France, thus showing the happy union between the two nations. Three rooms were fitted and the fourth was most elegantly set off for refreshment. A long table crossed the room from wall to wall. The whole wall inside was covered with shelves filled with cakes, oranges, apples, wines of all sorts, ice creams, etc., and highly lighted up. A number of servants from behind the table supplied the guests with everything they wanted from time to time as they came to refresh themselves, which they did as often as a party had done dancing and made way for another."

Precisely the same style of a table and serving I saw at a court ball in Europe in 1873.

There is but little difference in the customs, habits, and manners of the people of the United States between the administrations of Washington and Madison. Everything was running in formative channels. The rigidity of fashions was but little relaxed. The grooves were becoming wider, but the ridges were not broken down. No standard had been established. The partialities resulting from sectional location and narrow experience still prevailed, although possibly in a modified degree in special cases. Tastes were growing with wider associations, and becoming harmonized as well, but it required more than a generation to produce homogeneity.

James Madison, a graduate of Princeton and one of the best scholars of his day, lived in the aristocratic baronial style of his time. Chancing to meet the beautiful, young, and bewitching widow, Mrs. Dorothy Todd, afterwards familiarly known as "Dolly," the sedate and dignified man lost his heart and wooed the lovely Quakeress most successfully, and they were married in 1794. It is said that Dolly Madison was not an educated woman, but a good talker, possessed of a wonderful memory, and never forgot a face or name. She was severely criticised, even in that day, for her inaccurate use of

the English language, but made up for that by her vivacity and affability. The first time James Madison ever saw her "she was dressed in a mulberry colored satin with a silk tulle kerchief over her neck, and on her head an exquisite dainty little cap, from which an occasional uncropped curl escaped." When she became mistress of the White House she abandoned the simple Quaker cap for a most becoming turban, which she always wore during the rest of her life. Mrs. Madison, at the Inaugural Ball, wore buff-colored velvet with pearl ornaments and a Paris turban with a bird of paradise plume. She took snuff from a snuffbox of lava and platina, and usually wore a large, brilliant green shawl about the house. A saying of Mrs. Dolly Madison's was, "I would never forgive a woman who did not dress to please, nor one who seemed pleased with her dress." To a young relative she wrote, "Our sex are ever losers when they stem the torrent of public opinion." Dolly Madison is to-day but a memory to us; but this advice to her relative is as appropriate now as then.

This paper is, perhaps, already too long, and may have exhausted your patience. The elements of it lie in the history of living in the years to which it relates. The subject would justify a history of the period almost as extended as the novels of Sir Walter Scott. A few items only have been brought together for present purposes. Whether it were better to have lived and died in that period of womanly subordination, or to have lived and died in this age of feminine aggressiveness, is a question which must be left for each woman to answer for herself. In no case can the boundaries which Providence has fixed be safely disregarded. I have not attempted to execute the task assigned me as novelist or historian. The gleanings have been from many sources of information, from a time and a people so unlike those which surround me, that like the dame of ancient lore I have felt inclined to exclaim, Is it I? Is it I?

In conclusion, I venture to quote Macaulay, who says :

"To make the past present, to bring the distant near, to place us in the society of a great man, or on the eminence which overlooks the field of a mighty battle, to invest with the reality of human flesh and blood beings whom we are too much inclined to consider as personified qualities in an

allegory, to call up our ancestors before us with all their peculiarities of language, manners and garb, to show us over their houses, to seat us at their tables, to rummage their old wardrobes, to explain the uses of their ponderous furniture, these parts of the duty which properly belongs to the historian have been appropriated by the historical novelist."

ELLEN R. JEWETT.

[CONCLUDED.]

"THAT SCRAP OF RIBBON."

LITTLE did I dream that the national colors of the United States of America, "the red, white, and blue," would so soon be taken on my voyage eastward for the colors of three other nations! On Monday morning, June 17, the steamer, in N. Lat. $41^{\circ} 36'$, W. Long. $46^{\circ} 34'$, was tossing on high seas. for during the previous night we had crossed the "Labrador current," leaving the warmer current of the Gulf Stream, in whose balmy waters we had sailed for five days amid such radiant sunshine and clear skies that the following lines had become a happy reality, viz:

"Oh! happy ship, to sail and dip, with the blue crystal at your lip!

Oh! happy crew, my heart anew sails and sails, and sings with you."

Before I left my stateroom on the morning of the one hundred and twentieth anniversary of the battle of Bunker Hill, where at last the Americans reserved fire, according to General Putnam's order, "until they could see the whites of the eyes of the enemy," I pinned a scrap of the official ribbon of the Daughters of the American Revolution just below the informal badge of our Society, and with patriotic zeal all aglow I appeared on deck, proud of my American birthright. The ship was tossing like a cork, the air keen as if it were indeed the very breath of the icebergs, but being among the happy few who had escaped "Mal de mer," I promenaded the deck, on patriotic memories intent, as I watched the waves dash high and inhaled the tonic of the sea.

Meeting the genial captain I proudly presented him a duplicate piece of the ribbon, which I had, "with malice aforethought," brought on deck for him, saying it represented the fair Republic from whose shores we had just sailed. Alas! the wildest imagination fails to portray the change that came

over the spirit of my dream! for the captain's countenance instantly became as dark and as icy as the Labrador current itself, for he, with emotion, almost akin to resentment, replied, "Mrs. Foot, you presenting the *French* flag to a German." So intense were his feelings that my heart almost ceased to beat, as he held high (with the stripes perpendicular) in his trembling fingers this innocent and tiny scrap of ribbon. I assured him again that these tiny colors, so combined, represented our Republic; that I intended no affront, having paid him the highest possible compliment. I continued, this ribbon represents—not our flag—but our national *colors*, the flag embracing these colors and the stars besides. The captain saw my earnestness and the sincerity of my motive, as he courteously thanked me for the compliment, but he *returned* the luckless "scrap of ribbon," saying, "Madam, you are wearing the flags of *three* nations—the French, the Dutch (or Holland), and the Russian flag. So all foreigners will interpret that ribbon," he added, and bowed himself from my presence.

The French flag has the same colors arranged vertically; the Dutch flag in *red*, white, and blue stripes, horizontally arranged, the counterpart of the ribbon; and the Russian flag, also of horizontal stripes, *white*, blue, and red, all confuse each other. Even the *German* flag, black, white, and red, in horizontal stripes, at a distance might confuse also.

As I thus mused, continuing my promenade, I found I had learned to-night a lesson upon "protection," and it came to me like an inspiration that the silvery stars of our national emblem should twinkle at near intervals along the blue field of the official ribbon of the Daughters of the American Revolution, to distinguish our own colors forevermore, and despite the swaying of the ship and the confusion incident to a sea voyage, I hasten to write this episode to bring the subject before the Society through the AMERICAN MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

Moreover, I beg to suggest to the National Board of Management that it secure the copyright (so to speak) of the official ribbon by ordering that "the stars shall appear along the clear field at near intervals." I am impressed that this is of importance.

I need not add that I have buried deep in my telescope bag that identical scrap of ribbon, already labeled, "Bunker Hill-Atlantic Ocean. Captain Stremken, steamer Weimar. N. Lat. $41^{\circ} 36'$, W. Long $46^{\circ} 34'$." Upon my return I shall present it to the "Revolutionary Relics Committee," for it is dated *June 17, 1775*.

The duplicate scrap, intended for the chief engineer, reposes by its side, and not until I step on "terra firma" will I dare reveal to Mr. Bischoff his narrow escape from being presented "the flag of three nations" also. So much for my celebration of the battle of Bunker Hill in foreign waters!

MARY SAWYER FOOT.

Distance—2,624 miles.

N. Lat. $48^{\circ} 56'$, W. Long. $19^{\circ} 22'$.

Atlantic Ocean, *June 20, 1895*.

THE AMERICAN FLAG.

ON the 14th of June, 1777, a new constellation appeared in the political firmament of the world's nations. It was composed of thirteen stars of the first magnitude. The sun could not rival their brilliancy, nor could the moon pale their light. They shone above the cradle of liberty, and wise men from afar hailed them as the hope of humanity. Grouped upon the blue field of a virgin banner, in a circle representing eternity, they said to men, "Let our union be perpetual." Joined with thirteen stripes, alternate white and red, the white signifying purity, the red resistance to injustice and oppression, they formed the national flag of the United States of America, adopted by their Congress June 14, 1777; the visible expression of the spiritual grace of patriotism, for man loves to give a tangible form to sentiment. He personifies virtue, and embodies in symbol and emblem the deeper emotions of his nature. He portrays human love as a baby god with bow and quiver, and love divine as a heart consumed by flame. Justice must have her scales and sword, peace her olive branch, and patriotism her banner, at once her emblem, her inspiration, and her evidence. At the beginning of the struggle for American freedom there was no distinctive national flag. The

patriots still claimed to be British subjects and fought under the British flag, not for independence, but for the rights and immunities granted them by charter. Several other standards appeared in the American ranks at Bunker Hill. One bore the legend, "Come, if you dare!" One a rattlesnake with the warning, "Don't tread on me!" General Putnam's showed the arms of the State of Connecticut, and the words "An appeal to Heaven." The news of the battle of Bunker Hill was received in Philadelphia on the 22d of June, the day before General Washington left that city to place himself at the head of the American Army in Massachusetts; he was escorted thither by the first troop of Philadelphia Cavalry, whose flag, presented them by Captain Markoe, bore thirteen stripes, the earliest instance upon record of their use upon an American ensign. It was many years later placed in the armory in Philadelphia, where it is still preserved. When at Cambridge Washington used a flag, perhaps suggested by this one, having the thirteen stripes, and bearing the cross from the banner of England. The American Army carried this flag when they retreated through New Jersey before a victorious enemy, and in their midnight passage through the floating ice of the Delaware River on the night before Christmas, and it graced their triumph the next day at Princeton.

Our flag, adopted officially one hundred and eighteen years ago, first waved above the colors of Great Britain after the battle of Oriskany, when Fort Stanwix was under siege by a combined force of British and Indians. The garrison made a sudden sally, drove their assailants before them in hurried flight, and captured five British flags. An American flag had been hastily improvised, the officers giving up their white shirts to furnish the white stripes, and enough remnants of red flannel having been found to piece out the red ones. A blue military cloak was sacrificed to form the blue field, and the remaining bits of white cotton were cut into stars. Thus complete in detail, though crudely constructed, the American flag was displayed, with the captured banners beneath the Stripes and Stars! Our flag gained its first battle on the glorious field of Saratoga. It cheered the saddened spirits of the patriots through the gloomy winter of Valley Forge. It hailed

the announcement of the alliance with France, which revived the hope of ultimate success. It saw the evacuation of New York by the British, and took the place of their ensign upon the flagstaff which they had used. It was the recognized standard in the glorious southern campaign, and after the victory of Yorktown, Virginia, was for the first time saluted by a British man of war as the fleet of our conquered enemy sailed out of Yorktown harbor! Paul Jones first displayed it upon an American warship, and later conquered the *Serapis*, a British vessel, and placed the United States flag above that of Great Britain, no longer the supreme ruler of the ocean. This flag is in the possession of Mrs. Stafford, a lady of Martha's Vineyard, Massachusetts, having descended to her from Lieutenant Stafford, of the American Navy, to whom it was presented by Congress in recognition of his having rescued it during the naval battle. The fortress of Derne, in Tripoli, was the first one in Europe to be reduced by American valor, and the first to bear upon its walls the American flag, placed there by Commodore Decatur. "We cannot claim great antiquity for our flag, and yet it is older than the present flag of Spain, or Germany, or China, or Japan, or the tricolor of France, and twenty years older than the one now used by Great Britain." During the century that has elapsed since "victory," in the words of Holmes, "twined double wreaths around the banners of France and America" at Yorktown, our flag has had its vicissitudes! It has known defeat and victory. It has been regarded with enthusiasm and with indifference. It has been immortalized in glowing words by Francis Scott Key, and sung by Rodman Drake in his glorious Ode to Liberty, and it has been degraded into a trademark, and trodden under foot as a carpet in the obtuseness of ignorance, and the decadence of patriotism. But that this grace has been at length revived in the American heart, and that reverence and love for our flag and all that it represents has been reawakened, is strikingly shown by the present attitude of the Nation toward it. A decade of years ago, what did we, as a people, know of the origin of our flag—of the circumstances of its birth and adoption? To-day, as we celebrate this anniversary, we are familiar with its history, and love to tell how it was made under

the personal direction of General Washington by Mrs. Betsey Ross, of Philadelphia, and how, immortalized by this work for her country, the heroine lives in the hearts of her countrymen. Her home, at 239 Arch street, Philadelphia, has become a shrine, her former seat in old Christ Church in that city is permanently marked by an American flag, and annually, upon Decoration Day, loving hearts and hands place the national banner, massed in fragrant flowers, upon her grave in Christ Church burying ground. Only a short time since Americans read upon their country's flag floating freely to the winds of heaven the sensational advertisement of the latest novelty in trade or the advent of the traveling circus, and felt no shame. Now public sentiment revolts at the desecration and presents to Congress a bill forbidding the use of the national flag as an advertising medium.

Until very recently there were few of our schoolhouses that had a flagstaff, now nearly every school has one, and a flag upon it, and the youth of the district as they go back and forth beneath it are taught to salute it with uncovered head and reverent affection. They are told the story of the flag as you have heard it to-day; they hear how Sergeant Jasper died to save the flag from the desecrating hands of the enemy at the defense of Savannah; and how Lieutenant Stafford sprang from his ship into the sea, when a ball had severed the flagstaff, and amid shot and shell bore the rescued banner up the vessel's side and defiantly nailed it to the masthead. Under the influence of the graphic recital the boy feels that he would do the same had he the opportunity! The impression is not allowed to fade; he is taught the words of our national anthem, and, familiar to his love in childhood, they impress his manhood with fidelity to "the Star Spangled Banner." He is shown it at every turn in places of honor and prominence, and the effect is for all time, for youth is "wax to receive, and marble to retain" the impressions made upon it! At the recent dedication of the Washington Arch an American flag of large dimensions had been attached to balloons, and sent floating heavenward. Midway in its course it paused, caught by some unforeseen air current, and remained fixed above the heads of the spectators. The incident might have seemed a

trivial one had it not been for its effect upon those who beheld it ; for as the setting sun outlined in brilliant colors the familiar Stripes and Stars deep emotion stirred the hearts of the crowd beneath it ; heads were bared, and cheer upon cheer rang out. It seemed the apotheosis of the Nation's banner ; as if like the heroes of the older world it had been translated to the heavens to be worshiped forever as divine ! The press throughout the land recorded the occurrence. The style of the graver depicted the eager upturned faces, and the glorified banner ; the subject was treated as a matter of national interest and national import.

Our flag represents our country—and we should love it. Our hearts should thrill with earnest affection as we look upon it. Praise of it from poet's pen or patriot's tongue should be garnered in our memories to come again and again from our lips, as would the praises of our best and dearest ! It should be in every home, a sacred possession among our household treasures, and precious in our eyes ! The flag represents our Government, and we should honor it. In every secret thought, in every spoken word, by every outward act, we should do it reverence. It should be put to no base uses for personal profit. It should take no second place when displayed together with the former flags of our adopted citizens. At home and abroad, on every sea and shore, it should be maintained as the palladium of American freedom ! I have seen in royal galleries the marbles and the canvases on which art has immortalized the apostles of liberty ! I have stood in the chapel devoted to the memory of William Tell, upon the shore of beautiful Lake Lucerne, where every wandering wave and every glorious mountain peak has its legend of the Swiss patriot ! I have lingered in the dungeon of the castle of Chillon, where the heroic Bonnivard, chained to his prison pillar, spent years of anguished activity ! I have gazed upon the statues of political martyrs in the market place of Brussels ! But more beautiful to me than the triumphs of the sculptor or the painter, more soul-inspiring than the memories of Tell, and Egmont, and Bonnivard, the fairest promise granted by heaven to the hopes and aspirations of man is the flag of my country, as it "proclaims liberty to all the earth !"

ANNIE W. L. KERFOOT.

THE STORY OF PETER FRANCISCO.

GEORGIA STOCKTON HATCHER, of Lafayette, Indiana, asked a question in the February Magazine concerning an old picture of Peter Francisco's gallant action with nine of Tarleton's cavalry in sight of four hundred British. The circumstances are as follows :

Peter Francisco was a soldier of the Revolution and celebrated for his personal strength. He was a Portuguese by birth. He was kidnaped when an infant and carried to Ireland. He had no recollection of his parents. Hearing much of America and being of an adventurous turn he indentured himself to a sea captain for seven years to pay for his passage. On his arrival he was sold to Anthony Winston, of Buckingham County, Virginia, and he labored faithfully until the breaking out of the Revolution. He was then at the age of sixteen. Being of a patriotic and enthusiastic nature he begged and obtained permission of his owner to enlist in the Continental Army. At the storming of Stony Point he was the second man who entered the fortress, and received a bayonet wound in his thigh. He was at Brandywine, Monmouth, and other battles of the north. He was sent south under General Greene and was very active at the battles of Cowpens, Camden, and Guilford Court House. He was very brave and possessed such confidence in his prowess as to be almost fearless. The blade of his sword was five feet in length and he wielded it like a feather, and every swordsman who came in contact with his paid the forfeit of his life. His stature was six feet and an inch and his weight was two hundred and sixty pounds; his complexion was dark and swarthy; features bold and manly; hands and feet very large. He was so strong that he could easily shoulder a cannon weighing eleven hundred pounds. One gentlemen in the same county declared that he weighed one hundred and ninety-five pounds and that Francisco could take him in his right hand and pass him over and around the room and bump his head against the ceiling as though he had been a doll-baby.

While the British were spreading havoc and desolation all

around them by their plunderings and burnings in Virginia in 1781, Francisco had been reconnoitering, and while stopping at Mr. V——'s house, in Amelia County, nine of Tarleton's cavalry came up with three negroes and told him he was their prisoner. Seeing that he was overpowered he made no resistance. Believing him to be very peaceful, they went into the house and left him outside with the paymaster. The paymaster said to Francisco, "Give up instantly all that you possess of value, or prepare to die." "I have nothing to give up," said Francisco; "so use your pleasure." "Deliver instantly," said the soldier, "those massive silver buckles you wear on your shoes." "They were a present from a valued friend," replied Francisco, "and it would grieve me to part with them. Give them into your hands I never will; you have the power to take them if you see fit." The soldier put his saber under his arm and bent down to take them. Francisco finding so favorable an opportunity to recover his liberty, stepped one pace in his rear, drew his sword with force from under his arm, and instantly gave him a blow across his skull. "My enemy," said Francisco, "was brave, though severely wounded, drew his pistol and in the same moment that he drew the trigger I cut his hand nearly off. The bullet grazed my side. Mr. Ben. V——, the man of the house, brought out a musket and gave it to one of the British soldiers and told him to make use of it. The British soldier mounted the only horse they could get and presented it at my breast. It missed fire. I rushed on the muzzle of the gun, a short struggle ensued, I disarmed and wounded him. Tarleton's troops of four hundred were in sight. All was hurry and confusion, which was increased by my halloing, 'Come on, my brave boys, now's your time; we will dispatch these few and then attack the main body.' The wounded man flew to the troops, the others were panic struck and fled. I seized V—— and would have dispatched him but the poor wretch begged for his life. He was not only an object of my contempt but pity. The eight horses that were left behind I gave him to conceal for me. Discovering Tarleton had dispatched ten men in pursuit of me, I made off. I evaded their vigilance. They

stopped to refresh themselves. I, like an old fox, doubled and fell on their rear. I went next day to V—— for my horses; he demanded two for his trouble and generous intentions. Finding my situation dangerous and surrounded by enemies where I ought to have found friends, I went off with six horses. I intended to have avenged myself of V—— at some future day but Providence ordered that I should not be his executioner, for he broke his neck by a fall from one of the very horses." Many other interesting incidents are told of his strength and bravery. He died in 1836, in Richmond, and was buried with military honors in the public burying ground. Dust from his grave has been sent to San Francisco to the "Liberty Tree Planting."

MILDRED S. MATHES.

REMINISCENCES OF CAPTAIN JONATHAN CAULKINS.

CAPTAIN JONATHAN CAULKINS was born in East Lyme, Connecticut, 1736, and died in Waterford, Connecticut, September 21, 1787. He was the son of Thomas Caulkins, and the grandson of David Caulkins, and the great-grandson of Hugh Caulkins, who came to this country from Monmouthshire on the borders of Wales, and settled in New London in the year 1650. Hugh Caulkins appears to have been a man of strong personality, for soon after he came to New London he was appointed to offices of trust, filling them with honor to himself and satisfaction to his neighbors.

Three places in the town of New London were fortified, the mill, the meetinghouse, and the house of Hugh Caulkins. He was given a grant of land by the town, which has always remained in a direct line to the sixth generation, the father of the writer. He did not die till he reached ninety, in 1690. He is believed to be progenitor of all in the land bearing the name. Lieutenant Jonathan Caulkins, son of David Caulkins and grandson of Hugh Caulkins, served in the frontier war against the French. Captain Jonathan Caulkins, son of Thomas Caulkins and great-grandson of Hugh Caulkins, served in the War of the Revolution under Colonel Ely, of Rhode Island, and General Benedict Arnold.

He was resolute, brave, and independent in thought and action. He was captain in Colonel Ely's regiment of State troops raised in 1776. With these voluntarily enlisted patriots he was stationed at Providence in the winter of 1776-77, and returned in May to New London, where he disbanded his company on the parade, but the following July took service with the army, participating in the struggles and conflicts so gloriously terminated by the capture of Burgoyne. His company consisted, at the time of Burgoyne's surrender, of one hundred sturdy men, the flower of New London's yeomanry. While engaged in the northern army under General Arnold, he was ordered to intercept a party of British stragglers reported to be at a certain place. After starting, he was informed by a scout that the party of which he was in pursuit was at another spot, to reach which he must take another than the route planned by the general. Aware that disobedience was court-martial and perhaps death, he, nevertheless, altered his course, pursued the band, captured them and brought all into camp. When he made his report to Arnold, the latter was so exasperated with him for his disobedience of orders that he struck him with his sword. Captain Caulkins restrained his anger and retired, expecting to be under arrest the next morning. Instead, General Arnold came to his tent and made him an apology.

Captain Caulkins was wounded in the knee at the battle of Ticonderoga. Subsequently his leg was amputated and he died from the effects thereof. The writer remembers when a child hearing her grandfather, who was the eldest son of Captain Caulkins, relate this instance and add that it was not from any disrespect to his general, for whom he had a great love and reverence, that he disobeyed orders, but for love of his country. When Benedict Arnold became a traitor, it almost broke his heart. In after years when she read to her father an account of a grandson or son of Benedict Arnold having won distinction in the British Army, he exclaimed: "How my father would have liked to hear this," for he knew that the son of the Revolutionary hero, as well as the hero himself, loved the the American general, but abhorred the traitor.

Captain Caulkins believed some of his prominent neighbors favored the British, furnishing them with meat and grain. One night, while walking alone by the river, he heard muffled oars. He laid himself flat and looked over the promontory he was on, and saw a barge coming down the river. He followed it quite a distance till, coming to the "flats," he hailed them; they made no reply, and he fired, wounding one man in the knee, and then shouted orders to his imaginary men: "Come on, boys!"

The British, supposing he had a company in ambush, ran their barge into a sandbar, took their wounded comrade, and made for the shore. He then boarded the barge and all alone took it to Fort Trumbull. It was loaded with grain, and the bags were all marked with the initials of his Tory neighbors.

At another time, the wife of one of these same neighbors knew that her husband and his friends had planned to load a barge that night with meat that had been killed and dressed very quietly that day. She being a loyal woman had a few words privately with her slave, "Nigger Joe," and when her husband was present gave him orders to go down into "wigwams" and get her some bark to make a dye, knowing that he would be obliged to pass Captain Caulkins if he went the nearest way, and threatening the poor fellow almost with decapitation "if he let the grass grow under his feet." Her husband could ill spare Joe that afternoon, and there was much grumbling, but, womanlike, she carried her point, and the result was that while the British were going back from the barge where they had carried the carcasses, Captain Caulkins took possession of the barge and beef and took it to Fort Trumbull, where the Federal officers were in great want of meat, and as soon as they had left the barn the first time, the good woman, with the aid of Joe, took all that was left and carried it to families where the husbands and fathers were in the Federal Army, and when her husband came home near midnight he found his wife and Joe innocently engaged in boiling bark for a dye!

The writer of this has in her possession the remains of the coat and twenty-two buttons worn by Captain Caulkins when he was struck by General Arnold. The buttons are the size

of a five-cent piece, with a spread eagle standing on one foot with a shield clutched in the other, and seven stars above and six below him.

One of the descendants of Jonathan Caulkins was the historian Frances Manwaring Caulkins, who was his granddaughter.

HARRIET CAULKINS HILLS.

CELEBRATION OF THE FRENCH ALLIANCE AT PLUCKEMIN, NEW JERSEY, FEBRUARY 18, 1778.

THE encampment at Pluckemin, New Jersey, was in gala array February 18, 1778, in order to celebrate the anniversary of the alliance with France of the United States, it having been postponed to that date owing to the absence of the commander-in-chief.

The huts were situated on a slight elevation at a short distance from the wood and looked quite picturesque. A range of field pieces, mortars, howitzers, and heavy cannon formed the front line of the parallelogram, and on the other side were the quarters of officers and privates.

They had an academy where lectures on tactics and gunnery were held. No aid from the countrymen was required in the construction of this village, so the farmers were left undisturbed.

Pluckemin was in gala array, and for a while the commander-in-chief and his officers relaxed from their usual gravity, setting aside the cares of war to indulge in some recreation by giving an entertainment which was graced by the presence of Lady Washington, Mrs. Greene, Mrs. Knox, and several other ladies. Mr. Laurens, the late President of Congress, was also there.

After a display of fireworks by General Knox and the officers of artillery the guests repaired to the academy to dinner. The hall was decorated with bunting and "the Stars and Stripes," and appeared gay and festive, while a military band enlivened the scene with patriotic airs. Although the banquet could not compete with any of the present date, as it lacked all the little accessories such as grace a table nowadays, yet the dishes were well seasoned and the homely repast was enlivened by a flow

of wit. The toasts were fitted to the occasion and our brave allies, the French, were the most frequently toasted.

It may interest our readers to learn a few details of this entertainment, which we have taken from Frank Moore's "Diary of the Revolution."

An exhibition of fireworks during the evening consisted of a frontispiece of a temple, one foot in length, divided in thirteen arches, each arch adorned with an illuminated picture, allegoric of the progress of the Republic and the policy of the French alliance; the center arch was ornamented with a pediment and was proportionally larger than the others; the whole was sustained by a colonnade of the Corinthian order.

After the pyrotechnic display the company returned to the academy, and meanwhile the room had been cleared for a dance, while there was sufficient space for thirty couples.

The lights were of native manufacture, as well as the benches and seats. But the rusticity of their surroundings did not affect their gayety.

The ball was opened by the commander-in-chief with a stately minuet, so fitted to bring out the grace and dignity of colonial dames. We read a quaint account of this festivity, written by a contemporary, which is a fair sample of the usual high flown style of speech in vogue in those days. Among the American beauties who graced the occasion was a sprightly girl, whose remarks caused great merriment among her admirers, and being asked whether the roaring of the British lion did not interrupt the spirit of the dance, she retorted: "Not at all, for I have heard that such beasts always roar the louder when most frightened. And do you not think," she added, "you, who know more than young girls about such matters, that the British lion has real cause of apprehension from the large armaments of the Spaniards."

"No," replied one of her admirers, "you evidently think that the King of Spain acts in politics as the ladies do in love affairs—smile in a man's face, while they spread the net with which to entangle them for life."

"At what season do men lose the power of paying such compliments?" she retorted.

The above affords an insight into the current style of repartee

in those days, and the contemporary closes as follows, saying to the fair American, "If I have looked on the whole sex with an equal eye of observance, I here confess the atrocious philosophy, and were it not so late, I should wish to lead down the remainder of the dance with so sweetly vivacious a partner. But, alas, my dear friend, you will soon find that sixty is better security against the hot spur of passions of man than those beautiful ice circles that Shakespeare tells us are curled of purest snow and hung up on Diana's temple for the benefit, we may suppose, of her chaste attendants."



WHAT WE ARE DOING.

FLAG DAY.

[Read before the John Marshall Chapter.]

TO-DAY is Flag Day, and all over this broad land from Plymouth Rock, Massachusetts, to the Golden Gate of the Pacific, and from the Great Lakes to the Gulf of Mexico people will find time to pause in the busy struggle of life and notice the national emblem. Ours is the largest country on the surface of the globe over which a common flag floats. Let us thank God to-day that no sectional strife has been able to blot out a single star, and let us pray to Him that so long as time shall last no other flag than the one we to-day hail shall float over this great nation. The word flag is of Teutonic origin and signifies to fly—so that a flag is a flying signal or a standard. The use of such a signal with symbolic emblems upon it dates from remotest antiquity, and the slabs of Ninevah as well as the hieroglyphics of the Egyptian and Assyrian nations are filled with flags bearing strange emblems and figures of birds and animals held sacred by those people. Throughout all time the eagle seems to have been the favorite emblem. The Persians affixed it to their lances and the North American Indians fledged their banner poles with its wings. They seemed to have been actuated by the same spirit which inspired the poet Drake to write:

“Then from his mansion in the sun
She called her eagle bearer down,
And gave into his mighty hand
The symbol of her chosen land.”

The Psalmist gives to it the idea of power and strength when he says, “Terrible as an army with banners.”

In the mediæval ages and during feudal reigns of lords and barons the flag was hung upon the outer walls of the castle while the chosen pennants floated from the turrets. There is

not a square rod of ground in merry old England which has not been drenched with the blood of men who have fought and died for their flag.

The children of America should be taught the history of their country's emblem. The following was clipped from one of our city papers:

"Young America ought to know the history of the Star Spangled Banner. It seems to us to-day, of course, as if the Stars and Stripes had always been in existence. But the fact of the matter is that the Mayflower came sailing over here under a flag borrowed from King James of England, and it was a hundred and fifty years after that before America had a flag of its very own."

Even that borrowed from King James was not the Union Jack of England to-day. That royal gentleman had just succeeded in getting a new flag for his country, one that united the upright red cross on a white ground of England with the X cross of white on a blue ground of Scotland. These were the banners respectively dedicated to St. George and St. Andrew, and we here were crowing over our independence before the Union Jack was finally made by adding on the red cross of St. Patrick, the patron saint of Ireland, at the time it became part of Great Britain.

After the plucky Colonists, who settled this country, began to feel at home here, they set up a number of different banners to distinguish local divisions of territory, companies of troops, and so on, but first and foremost above them all floated the flag of Great Britain.

At the battle of Lexington the American soldiers did not have even colors of their own to fight under, and at the battle of Bunker Hill, while there were several streamers of varied colors apportioned among the Colonists, they had no distinctive flag of their own. But the time for a national flag came at length.

In June of 1776 the father of his country and a few other gentlemen to whom the duty had been officially delegated drew up a plan for a flag and carried it off to be made. The first American flag was manufactured in the very city where independence was declared, and by a woman. The maker was Mrs.

Ross, who carried on an upholstery business, and of whom the committee probably heard through General Ross, who was a member of the committee and uncle of Mrs. Ross's husband.

The first flag was similar to the flag of to-day, so far as the red and white stripes are concerned, but instead of our forty-four stars placed in rows on the blue field in the corner, there were in those days but thirteen stars, and they were arranged in a circle. General Washington had drawn six-pointed stars in his design for the flag, and Mrs. Ross said that instead of that kind of a star, which was England's way of making it, she thought the French five-pointed star preferable, and the first President-to-be agreed, sat down in the back parlor behind the shop, and drew the design over again in five-pointed stars. Mrs. Ross was not around evidently when our coins were designed, for they have the six-pointed stars.

There are several opinions as to where the design of the American flag originated. Some people think it was modeled after the stripe of the Dutch flag, which was well known to the Colonists, and held by them in kindly repute.

Some think the stripes on the coats of the Continental soldiers suggested the stripes for the flag. Curiously enough the coat-of-arms of the family of the father of his country was made up of stars and stripes, and other people have thought this device was selected for the flag as a compliment to Washington. Red, to tell of the blood shed for freedom; White, for the purity of the principles fought for; Blue, for the protection of heaven, and Stars in a circle to tell of the unity of the States. This was the way still others translated the origin of the idea of the Star Spangled Banner. It seems probable that a great many people made different suggestions for a national flag, and the one we know and revere is the outcome, not of any one, but the multitude of models.

It was in June, 1777, a year from the time that Washington and the others on the committee called upon Mrs. Ross with the design, before Congress formally declared the flag adopted officially as the flag of the United States, showing that it took time even in those days to unwind the red tape with which official deeds are tied up.

Mrs. Ross made the sample flag so well she was made flag-

maker to the Nation, and for many years thereafter manufactured the flags of the country. On Arch street, below Third. No. 239, in Philadelphia, stands the little old building, two stories and a half high, bearing a sign which informs the passerby that it was within this house that the first American flag was made by Mrs. Elizabeth Ross. The building has changed but little since then. A large tree which stood in front of it during the Revolution survived until 1876, when it became dangerous and was cut down. But the house stands as it did then. Even Mrs. Ross's show window is preserved, and the wooden shutters on the second story windows and the dormer window in the sharply-sloping roof are the same that looked down on Arch street a hundred and eighteen years ago.

The love of country and devotion to its emblem is inborn, and Sir Walter Scott has best expressed the feelings of the human heart when he wrote:

"Breathes there the man with soul so dead
Who never to himself hath said,
This is my own, my native land!"

Our good old Quaker poet Whittier has immortalized the name of Barbara Fritchie for all coming time, no less than the inborn patriotism of an American citizen. Although in open rebellion against his Government, the noble soul of the great Stonewall Jackson leaped into his mouth when he said:

"Who touches a hair of yon gray head
Dies like a dog! March on!" he said.

"All day long through Frederick street,
Sounded the tread of marching feet.

"All day long that free flag tossed,
Over the heads of the rebel host.

"Ever its torn folds rose and fell
On loyal winds that loved it well.

"And through the hill gaps sunset light,
Shone over it with a warm good night."

But to feel the thrill of true patriotism one must be in a foreign land. How the heart leaps with joy when amid the flags of foreign nations we behold from some window's height displayed the Stars and Stripes; what pride fills the bosom when

sailing into port on the other side of the Atlantic the eye catches a glimpse of the dear old flag flying at the topmast of a liner or merchantman. It is only a piece of bunting, and yet one feels like kissing its soft folds and uncovering the head to its emblazoned stars.

“Though many and bright are the stars that appear,
In that flag by our country unfurled
And the stripes that are swelling in majesty there,
Like a rainbow adorning the world.
Their lights are unsullied, as those in the sky,
By a deed that our fathers have done;
And they're leagued in as true and as holy a tie,
In their motto of 'Many in One.'”

We are here to-day to celebrate the one hundred and eighteenth anniversary of the adoption of our national emblem by the Continental Congress, June 14, 1777, and as it is the main object of our beloved Society to keep fresh in the minds and hearts of posterity the heroic deeds of our forefathers, so also should we never let them forget the origin of our beautiful flag, nor the names and memories of those patriots who by their songs have so stirred within us a love for our beautiful country, this “sweet land of liberty, nor the Star Spangled Banner which floats over this land of the free, the home of the brave.”

Cicero was right when he said, that “no man was ever great without divine inspiration.” The makers of our Government were mostly God-fearing men, so were also the writers of our national songs.

The confidence and trust of Francis Scott Key in a divine power stands out in bold relief in the last verse of his famous song, and as each one sings those soul-inspiring words, “In God is our trust,” their heart throbs in unison, and beats time to the music. No one who does not trust in an Almighty power can be a true patriot.

There is a thrill of pleasure and thanksgiving in the hearts of every true patriot as he sings the soul-stirring words of our much-loved America. Was it inspired? Read what the author says in the following, which I have copied from a pamphlet, “A Series of Evenings with Hymn Writers:” “This hymn has been translated into many languages, and he himself has heard

it sung in several tongues and under many different circumstances. In the excavated streets of Pompeii by an enthusiastic party of Americans, and in a cave near Pike's Peak, where the accompaniment was played on a natural organ, as the guide, by striking the stalactites hanging from the roof of the cavern, ran the whole gamut of music constituting the tune America. The English "God Save the King" and the American "My Country, 'tis of thee," are pitched to the same melody, and are destined to carry the Christian civilization, that is best exemplified in the Anglo-Saxon race, around the globe. As the hour proceeds, there will be seen to be reason for indorsing what Fletcher, of Scotland, more than two centuries ago said, "Let me write the songs of a nation, and I care not who makes its laws." Truly, indeed, have the mountains reëchoed the sound from side to side of this glorious hymn, and the silence of the great rocks has been broken, not only above but beneath this broad land of the free.

The following is a biographical sketch of Doctor Smith copied from the "Series of Evenings with Hymn Writers." The Rev. Samuel Francis Smith, D. D., whose hymns we are to sing and who has given us our national hymn, was born October 21, 1808. Very significantly the American poet, who more than any other was to stir patriotic sentiment, first saw the light close by the old North Church in Boston, from whose steeple the lantern was hung to shape the course of Paul Revere in his historic night ride to wake the patriots all along the road to Lexington and Concord. Playing also as a boy within sight of Bunker Hill he must have breathed the very air of patriotism. The famous Latin school of his native city and fair Harvard, in Cambridge, and the Andover Theological Seminary gave him his education. He became a fine linguist, and after he had mastered fifteen languages he began the acquirement of another, the Russian, in his eighty-sixth year, thus resembling the old Roman Cato, who took up the study of Greek at eighty. For eight years he was pastor of the Baptist Church in Waterville, Maine, and also professor of languages in the college there. Twelve years and a half he served the Baptist Church at Newton Centre, Massachusetts, and for seven of those years he was also editor of a quarterly, *The Christian Review*, and for the

next fifteen years, without change of residence, he was editorial secretary of the *Missionary Union*. His literary gifts have found expression in numerous articles and several volumes. His hymns reach a total of about one hundred and fifty. The wide sweep of his poetic genius appears in his volume of almost three hundred and fifty poems (1895), representing, says his editor, General Henry B. Carrington, "nearly every possible phase of domestic, social, religious, and civic life." At the time of the Boston testimonial to him, April 3, 1895, Governor Morton, of New York, telegraphed his congratulations, the Columbian Liberty Bell, at Chicago, rang its felicitations, and thirty-seven school children in the distant State of Washington contributed a penny each to buy for him a bunch of violets, which he graciously and gratefully wore in Music Hall when Governor Greenhalge, of Massachusetts, and other celebrities were speaking in his praise. The lines of his college classmate, Doctor Oliver Wendell Holmes, the genial autocrat, are familiar:

"And there's a nice youngster of excellent pith—
Fate tried to conceal him by naming him Smith,
But he shouted a song for the brave and the free—
Just read on his medal, 'My country, of thee!'"

That he himself from the beginning appreciated his name is evident from the fact that he married Mary White Smith, with whom he was to spend a happy life and to celebrate a golden wedding anniversary.

Dr. Smith said on this occasion: "Although I have told the story over and over again, until it seems threadbare to me, possibly there may be in this audience some who have not heard how I came to write the hymn 'America,' and to them the tale may be welcome. One dismal day in the month of February, 1832, while I was a student of theology at the theological seminary in Andover, I stood in front of one of the windows in the room in which I resided. I was turning over the leaves of one of several German music books which had been handed to me by an intimate friend of mine, Lowell Mason, to whom the German was all Greek. I at length came upon a tune which instantly impressed me as being one of great simplicity, and I thought that with a great choir, either of children or older persons, such a tune would be very valu

able, and that something good might come out of it. I just glanced at the German words at the foot of the page, and saw, without actually reading them, that they were patriotic. It occurred to me to write a patriotic hymn in English adapted to this tune. I reached out my left hand to a table that stood near me and picked up a scrap of waste paper—for I have a passion for writing on scraps of waste paper, there seems to be a kind of inspiration in them—and immediately began to write. In half an hour, as I think, certainly before I took my seat, the words stood upon the paper substantially as you have them to-day. I did not think very much of the words. I did not think I had written a national hymn. I had no intention of doing such a thing, but there it stood. I dropped it into my portfolio, and it passed out of my memory. Some time afterwards, while visiting Boston, I took with me a collection of hymns and songs which I had written for my friend Mason—'Murmur, Gentle Lyre,' was one of them—and placed them in his hands. I think this little waif must have found its way into that collection, but I was none the wiser for it, and never asked what he had done or was going to do with it. On the following fourth of July, however, while passing Park Street Church, where a celebration by children was going on, I discovered that Mr. Mason had put my hymn on the programme, and at the close of the ceremony the piece was sung. Mr. Mason was very anxious to introduce singing into the schools of Boston. He had interview after interview with the Boston School Committee, and although he met with much opposition in his efforts he at last succeeded in overcoming the objections, and singing was introduced into the Boston schools. Good things are very liable to be copied, and accordingly from Boston went out the influence to all of the schools and the little red schoolhouses throughout the country. In this manner 'America' became known, and this it is which has contributed, no doubt, to its popularity.

"If I have done anything that has helped the cause of patriotism in this country, that has promoted the spirit of freedom, and love of country; if I have done anything that has given pleasure to old men and maidens, and young men and children, from the Lakes to the Gulf of Mexico, and from the

Atlantic to the Pacific, not to me, but to God be all the glory."

It is with great pride and satisfaction that I have received a letter enclosing the first verse of our national hymn in the author's own handwriting, and when our Daughters are so fortunate as to possess a hall its walls shall be adorned with this frame, which contains the same. Now as a token of our love and respect, and as a vote of thanks to the patriot, poet, and preacher, Rev. Samuel Francis Smith, D. D., let us all rise and sing that beautiful hymn :

"My Country, 'Tis of Thee."

HARRIET BULKLEY LARRABEE.

REVOLUTIONARY HEROES.

THE morning of July 4, a fitting day in which to inculcate lessons in patriotism and perpetuate memories of a glorious past, was chosen by the Saranac Chapter of the Daughters of the American Revolution, located at Plattsburg, New York, to unveil a tablet marking the former home of General Benjamin Mooers, a distinguished officer and patriot of the Revolutionary Army. The tablet of white marble, appropriately inscribed, had been previously placed in the wall of the historic house at the corner of Bridge and Peru streets, now owned by Mrs. E. C. Dickinson. The tablet faces Peru street, near Bridge, and bears the following inscription :

In this house lived Benjamin Mooers, a lieutenant in the War of the American Revolution, 1812-14.

Erected by the Saranac Chapter of the Daughters of the American Revolution, July 4th, 1895.

The historic building itself was erected some years previous to Macdonough's victory on Lake Champlain, and bears the marks of the iron hail rained upon it by the British in the memorable siege of Plattsburg. Bullets were imbedded in it and a cannon ball may still be seen in the inner wall of the hallway, speaking silently of the stirring events of the past.

The house was at one time occupied by General Macomb, commander of the American land forces engaged in the action.

It was a happy and patriotic thought of Saranac Chapter to thus do honor to the memory of one who was so prominently

linked with important events in our history. Though the hour for the ceremonies was early, 9.30 a. m., a large attendance of citizens was present to enjoy them, among them numerous descendants and relatives of General Mooers.

The interesting programme arranged for the occasion was well carried out.

Exercises commenced with prayer by Rev. F. B. Hall.

Dr. D. S. Kellogg introduced Mr. Hiram Walworth, a member of the Society of the Sons of the American Revolution, who then read our immortal document, the Declaration of Independence.

Dr. Kellogg in introducing Mr. Walworth, said :

"We feel proud of the Saranac Chapter of the Daughters of the American Revolution, who have erected, and this day unveil, a suitable tablet marking the home of our early and distinguished citizens. On this interesting occasion, I take pleasure in announcing that Plattsburg Institute has ordered a monument, which will soon be placed at Halsey's Corners, to mark that historic place. Also, there is good prospect that Pike's Cantonment will be suitably marked in the near future."

In a few neat words the Regent of the Saranac Chapter, Mrs. C. Stoddard, then introduced the principal speaker. She said :

"To perpetuate the memory and the spirit of the men and women who achieved American Independence is one of the chief objects of the Society of the American Revolution. The members of Saranac Chapter have erected a tablet to mark the house of General Benjamin Mooers, one of Plattsburg's heroes, who served with distinction in the War of the Revolution and later in the War of 1812. It seems most fitting that the tablet be unveiled by the great-great-great-granddaughter and the great-great-great-grandnephew, who bears his name."

At this point, the children, Elizabeth Johnson Ullery and Benjamin Mooers, uncovered the memory stone, and the Regent added, "I now have the honor of introducing the great-grandson of General Mooers, Mr. George Henry Beckwith, who will address us."

We publish extracts from Mr. Beckwith's speech, as follows :

DAUGHTERS OF THE REVOLUTION: -I greet you joyfully on this glad anniversary. I congratulate you that love of liberty and country, inspired by the memories of the 4th of July, gives peculiar interest and force to your patriotic act in making the home of a Revolutionary soldier, whose valor helped write the name of Plattsburg high on America's roll of honor, and I felicitate all interested in the local history of Lake Champlain, that other places of equal interest are to be marked with enduring monuments by the Sons and Daughters of the Revolution.

* * * * *

Over one hundred years have passed away since the noble heroes of '76 fought and won on freedom's grandest battlefields; ended more than a century ago were all the privations, the hardships, the sufferings, and barbarities of that protracted struggle. But never, never so long as liberty is enjoyed by man, can perish the thrilling memories of that struggle; never can men or nations forget the self-denial, the devotion to liberty and country, the courage and patriotism of those who dropped the ax in the forest and the hoe in the field, who left horse and plow in the furrow to join their fellows in battle; never can posterity let die the names or deeds of patriots whom neither British valor nor British gold could conquer, and who have made our history glorious. These are all treasured up beyond the reach of moth and rust.

How fit, then, on this anniversary, and in this place which witnessed his military and civil achievements in the maturity of his powers, we should honor one of our Revolutionary ancestors.

On the 1st of April, one hundred and thirty-seven years ago, at Haverhill, Massachusetts, was born the American soldier, patriot, hero, and model citizen, Benjamin Mooers.

Not alone for him who saw the Saranac and Champlain stained with the best blood of England and America; not alone for him whose name and valorous deeds form part of the history of our country's greatest war and grandest victory; it is rather for ourselves and future generations that you have to-day placed this memorial tablet in the walls of the house where he lived and died. His military tendency was early exhibited. When only sixteen years old he was a member of a volunteer company, which was drilled by a British sergeant. When the War of the Revolution opened in April, 1775, he had just passed his seventeenth birthday. He visited our army at Cambridge, and in June, 1776, he enlisted as a private and joined General Gates at Ticonderoga. The voice of this young patriot rang out as loud and fearless as any in the shouts of joy which greeted the reading of the Declaration of Independence to the army. His heart was saddened, but not dismayed, when it was learned that our small fleet, under General Arnold, had been defeated on Lake Champlain. He felt a patriot's thrill of triumph and hope as he personally witnessed the surrender of Burgoyne at Saratoga, and proudly he marched with the guard which took the British prisoners to our barracks near Boston. Becoming ensign in Colonel Hazen's regiment in March, 1778, he took the

oath of office before Colonel James Clinton. In the summer of 1779 he conducted an important and hazardous expedition to Fort Chambley, in Canada, and brought back information of great value to our army. In the following winter he accompanied Lord Sterling in his expedition on the ice to Staten Island, and helped in the gallant repulse of the enemy from New York. In 1780 he received his appointment as lieutenant and was at once made adjutant of his regiment. In the winter following he acted as one of the life guard of General Washington. With his regiment at King's Ferry he heard read General Gaines's order announcing the treason of General Arnold, and the capture of Major Andre, and was one of the guard who witnessed the latter's execution. In January, 1781, he was one of that brave detachment sent to Morrisania, which, in the face of a galling fire from the enemy's redoubt, destroyed the British barracks, large quantities of their storage, and a bridge across the Harlem, and brought back fifty-two prisoners, with many horses and cattle. The movements of his regiment were rapid for the time. In July he was at West Point and Dobbs Ferry; then off to Philadelphia and southward; then up the James River, and then taking part in the siege of Yorktown, until the surrender of Cornwallis, in October. Here he fought in the trenches, and helped to storm and take a redoubt of the enemy. Many of his regiment were killed and wounded. On coming out of the trenches his clothing was found bespattered with the blood and brains of his comrades. After the surrender of Cornwallis his regiment went up the Chesapeake, and in September to Pumpton Plains, New Jersey, where they remained during the winter and spring. In June, 1783, they joined the main army under General Washington, and were furloughed and disbanded.

At this time the shores of our lake were fringed with primeval forest, everywhere unbroken, except small places at Fort Ticonderoga, Crown Point, and Chimney Point. Nothing but trees covered the hillsides now adorned by the beautiful residences of Burlington. The Saranac and Ausable, full of salmon, ran unchecked, save by the overhanging boughs of trees along their banks. In the summer of 1783, under orders of General Hazen, he went with ten others in a batteau up the Hudson to Fort Edward; thence fourteen miles on land to Lake George and through the lake; thence a mile and a half on land to Lake Champlain; and thence to Point Au Roche, which they reached on the 10th of August. British war vessels were then often seen on the lake, for the enemy continued to point Point Au-Fer for years after, probably until Jay's treaty in 1794.

From the time he left the army he spent each spring and summer on Lake Champlain until 1786, when he came here and remained through life. In 1788 Clinton County, then comprising all of Essex, Clinton, and Franklin counties, was formed from Washington County. He was appointed the first sheriff of the new county and held the office for four years.

In 1791 he married Hannah, daughter of Captain Nathaniel Platt,

another hero of the Revolution. The settlement at Plattsburg of such a military character seems providential, as do also his frequent promotions and great interest in the State militia. In 1793 he was made major; in 1798 lieutenant colonel; in 1803 brigadier general; in 1810 quartermaster general, and in 1811 major general, with six brigades in his division. He served in the militia for over thirty consecutive years. He was member of Assembly in 1804-5 and a presidential elector in 1808. The prominent and gallant part which he bore in the War of 1812-14 is too familiar to justify any detailed statement before this audience.

He lived in the house which you have this day consecrated to his memory. In it, when an old man, his arm was amputated. But the nerve and courage of the soldier who had fought Great Britain through two wars had not forsaken him. When the surgeons had arranged everything for the operation, and were about to hold his arm, he asked what they were doing, and on being informed the commanding spirit of the soldier awoke within him. With dignified authority, as if commanding on some battlefield, he directed them to give him his cane, saying, "I am an American soldier and will hold my own arm," and he heroically stretched it out for the surgeon's knife and saw. This incident, more potently and elegantly than any language, proclaims what manner of men founded and maintained our free institutions.

Daughters of the American Revolution, descendants of the heroes of Colonial and Revolutionary times: Men did not excel women in patience or patriotism or heroism in those days which tried all souls. The men were victorious largely because the women sustained them. And such has ever since been the character of their descendants. Through woman's influence the monument on Bunker Hill rose to "meet the sun in his coming." Through woman's efforts the home of the father of our country was rescued from decay and beautified as the Mecca of American liberty.

You have to-day set us, your brothers, a worthy example in patriotism. Lead on as you have commenced. We, sons of a common Revolutionary ancestry, will follow where wave your white plumes. Lead on, and God bless your efforts long generations after all places associated with the patriotic deeds of our ancestors shall be marked with enduring monuments.

At the conclusion of Mr. Beckwith's eloquent remarks the Vice Regent of Saranac Chapter, Mrs. J. H. Myers, pleasantly presented the second speaker, Miss Helen Palmer, who said:

"In the presence of the Regent and Vice Regent and so many other officers and members of the Society I may be pardoned, I think, for feeling that the duty and honor of representing the Daughters of the American Revolution to-day should not have fallen to my lot. But the first virtue of a soldier is obedience, and we, as descendants of loyal soldiers, must obey when the Regent commands. Mr. Beckwith has paid a glow-

ing tribute to the memory of the man whom we have met to-day to honor, and has expressed far better than I could what we all feel. I should like to say a few words specially to the women I see before me. If I seem to preach, forgive me; it is a rare occasion when no one is likely to answer back. I want to point out the public duty which is laid upon every member of a Society like this, whose object is to perpetuate the memory and the spirit of the men and women who achieved American independence, and not only upon every member of this Society but upon all good citizens who mean to keep step with the times in these latter days of the century. It is only five years or so since the spirit underlying such societies as the one we represent took visible form, it is only one gift of a wave that has brought and is bringing us many things; higher education, university degrees, big sleeves, legal honors, the bicycle, monster W. C. T. U. conventions, and perhaps some day will bring the suffrage. On the glorious Fourth, of all days in the year, it is not fitting to speak a disrespectful word of the great American people, but it is said sometimes that we are a Nation given to "fads," prone to run a thing into the ground and then leave it. We must see to it that no blight of this kind falls upon an enterprise so serious and so important as that we have undertaken. It is not sufficient to "hunt up an ancestor," pardon the expression, I seem to have heard it and to join a Chapter; in fact, it is not necessary to possess an ancestor or to have even heard of a Society, admirable as these things are, provided one has the spirit.

"It is the spirit of our brave and loyal ancestors that we want; the spirit that led men like General Mooers to do their duty in the hour of danger and the hour of need; that led women like Molly Franklin Lynde to keep the wild beast and the red men at bay, guarding their children with musket and ax, while the husband and father fought his share of the battle for country and freedom in the ranks of the army far away.

"These were stirring times. It seems to us perhaps that we might have been heroes and heroines, too, if we had had the same forlorn and desperate opportunity; but the student of history who follows our story from Revolutionary times, and notes all the great questions that have been settled, all the great tasks that have been achieved, must remember that we live not for the past, but for the present and future; that every period has its problems to be solved, its dangers to be met, and its opportunities. What seem to us the commonplaces of the day will influence the well being of those who shall come after us. Anarchy, socialism, the silver question, and the relations of labor and capital are problems as difficult as any which have agitated the Nation since the formation of the Government.

"It is not for any of us—I speak for the Daughters—to be legislators, or governors, or presidents, but it is for all of us, whatever we may be, or wherever we may be live, to take that interest in public affairs which forms the opinion that guides legislatures, congresses, and presidents. Public service is not alone in the holding of office; it is a public service to perpetuate the memory of the men and women who achieved American

independence, and one for which women are particularly fitted. In the first place, it is generally believed that women have more leisure time than men; this, to be sure, is a popular fallacy—all the women present who keep house will understand me, but we will let that pass. It is an undoubted fact, however, that woman is the conservative element in the human race, that she possesses the patience and perseverance necessary for the public service in question. Let us hope that she will not fail to bring also to the task the enthusiasm, the touch of poetry without which this would be a weary world. Let her not forget that as long ago as in the days of glorious Queen Bess, the great poet wrote:

"From woman's eyes this doctrine I derive,
They sparkle still the true Promethean fire."

Mrs. Palmer's compact little speech was attentively received by her interested audience. The singing of America concluded the exercises, with which all were pleased.

PRIZE FOR BEST ESSAY IN WOMEN'S COLLEGE.

GASPEE CHAPTER, Daughters of the American Revolution, made an excursion Monday, June 10, to Scituate in tally-ho coaches, to visit an historic house built by Deputy Governor William West, and now occupied by Richard Atwood. The party arrived at Scituate about 1 o'clock, and after luncheon the business meeting was held, Mrs. Albert G. Durfee acting as Chairman.

The roll was called by Miss Mary A. Greene, State Regent, who afterwards brought forward the subject of a Gaspee Chapter, Daughters of the American Revolution, prize for the Woman's College connected with Brown University, and upon a motion introduced by Miss Greene, it was voted that it was the sense of the meeting that the Chapter offer the prize of \$40, to be known as the Gaspee Chapter, Daughters of the American Revolution, prize, to be paid annually to that student in the graduating class of the Woman's College connected with Brown University who shall present the best essay upon some topic in American history, and as the requisite number of members signified their approval, it was decided that this action should be announced to the President of Brown University, but that action upon the recommendation of the executive committee be deferred as to the raising of the fund and the appointment of a committee of arrangements until the October meeting.

Mrs. Durfee then called upon Mrs. Richard J. Barker, the historian of the Chapter, for an original paper prepared for this occasion. As an opening Mrs. Barker said: "Now and then we find a century dominated by patriotic fervor. Stephen Hopkins and William West lived in such a century." The historian drew conclusions between the past and the present, showing that love of patriotism had drawn Gaspee Chapter of the Daughters of the American Revolution to Scituate to pay homage to the memories and services of Stephen Hopkins and William West. A few statistics were given, set forth as follows: "The exact number of acres included in the Hopkins estate at Scituate at the time when it passed from the hands of the Hopkins family in 1742, when it was sold by Stephen Hopkins, is uncertain. Up to about 1738 we may trace Stephen Hopkins's estate as follows: Seventy acres received from his father by deed at his marriage in 1726; ninety acres received from his grandfather about 1726; the entire Scituâte farm of his father by deed before 1728. The land remained in Stephen Hopkins's possession until 1742. Between 1742 and 1844, it was gradually disposed of, John Hulet becoming the purchaser in 1744 of the portion near the eastern border of the estate known as the 'Oyster Shell Plain,' now known as the West farm. This land passed into the hands of William West, and in 1775 he erected the present West house."

The services of William West were then outlined. With other facts were noted the following: "In 1775 he was in the service of the State against the British at Newport. He was made colonel some time before December 19, 1775, and general before February 23, 1776. He was deputy from Scituate in the General Assembly in 1776 and in December of the same year he was in command of a Rhode Island regiment near Newport and at Bristol. He was a member of a committee of the town of Scituate in 1777 who drafted instructions to the deputies of that town, and in 1780 he was chosen deputy governor, serving one year. William Green being the governor." In the course of the paper Ezekiel Cornell, of Scituate, was mentioned as lieutenant colonel, colonel, general, and member of Congress.

After the historical address the ladies were shown all over

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the West house, and after passing a delightful afternoon returned home, reaching Providence in the evening. The arrangements for the day were under the supervision of Mrs. Albert G. Durfee, the first Regent of Gaspee Chapter, who was succeeded two years ago by Mrs. Robert H. I. Goddard, the present Regent.

MRS. WILBOUR'S WORK IN THE DAUGHTERS OF THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION.

MRS. JOSHUA WILBOUR was the first State Regent of the Society of the Daughters of the American Revolution of Rhode Island. She was one of the early charter members, being No. 152, and was appointed State Regent by the National Board of Management at Washington, October 11, 1890. Under the authority thus conferred upon her, she formed at Bristol the *first Chapter in New England*, on December 14, 1891. She formed, with marked assistance from Mrs. William R. Talbot, of Providence, the second Chapter, in Providence, January 11, 1892, the third Chapter she formed at Pawtucket, May 12, 1892, and the fourth at Woonsocket, February 8, 1892. Mrs. Wilbour was invited by the National Board, under the presidency of Mrs. Harrison, to read a paper at the First Congress of the Daughters of the American Revolution, in February, 1892, and in response to the invitation selected for a theme, and read before the Congress, "The Destruction of the Gaspee." She was elected State Regent at this time by the delegates from Rhode Island. Invited by the National Board to respond to the address of welcome at the Second Congress, in February, 1893, she complied with the request. At this Congress Mrs. Cabel, "Vice President Presiding," presided. At this Congress also, she made the gratifying announcement that four Chapters had been organized in Rhode Island, and that that little State had more members than any other State, save one. She also reported that she had resigned her office of State Regent, but was immediately elected Vice President General by acclamation. In the following year, 1894, she was again chosen Vice President. In 1895 she was designated as one to nominate a candidate for the position of President General,

and presented the name of Mrs. John W. Foster. The nomination was acceptable to the assembly, and Mrs. Foster was chosen. During this Congress Mrs. Wilbour received the flattering compliment of being elected an Honorary Vice President General for life. On committees requiring ability, judgment, and tact, Mrs. Wilbour has been often chosen; and she was selected to read a paper at Chicago, May 18, 1893, on the proposed Continental Hall. In her own State she has been untiring in efforts to further the interests of the Society. She greatly aided the Gaspee Chapter, in Providence, in their Loan Exhibition. Mrs. Wilbour was State Regent at the time, and had a room set apart for her use in the Historical Rooms, which she furnished and filled with some of the most interesting and valuable relics at the exhibit; most of these she caused to be brought from Bristol. She has presented to three of the Chapters sets of books to be kept by the different officers. To make these more serviceable she prepared them in advance for use. The Chapters thus benefited were the Bristol, Pawtucket, and Woonsocket Chapters, and the Woonsocket Chapter was further favored by the gift of a frame for the charter. Mrs. Wilbour also took pleasure in giving to three of these Chapters a gavel trimmed with silver, from the works of Gorham & Co. The three Chapters thus remembered were the Gaspee, Pawtucket, and Woonsocket. At the second Congress, 1893, she signified her interest in the National Board by a like gift. To show how much the four Chapters of the State are in her thoughts she sent to every one of them a copy of the paper, in book form, that she read in the Congress while she was State Regent. She suggested, indeed, that the essay might be read on February 22, as a contribution to the exercises of the day. She also sent another paper to each of the four Chapters on "The Battle of Rhode Island." This was sent as a contribution to the exercises of the day, in the year 1893. As a tribute of respect Mrs. Wilbour prizes one act of courtesy which the Sons of the American Revolution performed. When they had a banquet at Bristol, a few months ago, they invited her to respond to a toast: "The Daughters of the American Revolution." The limitations of time forbade other ladies to be called on and she enjoyed the distinction of being the sole lady

whose voice was heard in formal address. Mrs. Wilbour's heart has ever been alive to the vital interests of the Society, and her hand open to its needs. She cherishes the conviction that she has been allowed to contribute in no small degree to the success of the organization in Rhode Island, and she has been pleased to give helpful counsel to the National Board.

PRESENTATION OF A SOUVENIR SPOON.

THE last meeting of the Cincinnati Chapter of the Daughters of the American Revolution for the current year, held Monday, May 6, 1895, was made deeply interesting by the presentation on that occasion to one of our members of the beautiful souvenir spoon (specially designed for the purpose) voted by the Continental Congress to each member of the National Society whose father fought in the War of the Revolution. At that time we had the honor to have enrolled among our members Mrs. Sarah Anderson Kendrick (since deceased). The Regent, Mrs. Moorehead, presented the spoon to Mrs. Kendrick and read the following address:

On the 22d of February the Fourth Continental Congress, Daughters of the American Revolution, which convened in the city of Washington on the 19th of the same month, adopted a resolution providing for the presentation of a souvenir spoon to each member of the National Society whose father fought in the War of the Revolution. I immediately announced to the Congress that the Cincinnati Chapter had the honor to have one such daughter enrolled on its membership.

This is an honor that has come to but few Chapters, and it seems fitting that we should show our appreciation by formally presenting this gift to Mrs. Kendrick to-day. Thus through her we offer a tribute of respect to her illustrious ancestor, General Richard Clough Anderson. Of the value of his service, his successive promotions from the rank of captain up to that of brigadier general, and his appointment as aid-de camp to General Lafayette speaks with no certain sound. A man of ability and high in social position, the memory of his devotion to the struggling cause of liberty comes to us through the years. As the gentle dews falls from heaven and the glowing sun shines on the buds to refresh and make them burst forth into full blossom, so his patriotic spirit has entered the hearts of his descendants, one and all, and made them to grow and expand with true love and devotion to the land he fought to make free.

To you, Mrs. Kendrick, his daughter, it is my privilege to convey from

the National Society this gift, emblematic of the service of those who, although not adapted by nature for the field, yet failed not to do always what they could. That you will value this souvenir and reverently lay it away with your most sacred treasures we need not doubt.

For the Chapter permit me to extend cordial congratulations and to express the hope that you may have yet years of health and happiness.

And may we meet together many times in pleasant and profitable fellowship before any of us shall be called to lie down to the peaceful quiet of the "sweet sleep that knows no waking."

On May 10, through the courtesy of Madam Fredin, a gifted French woman, living in our city, the Cincinnati Chapter of the Daughters of the American Revolution, met at her school hall to commemorate the capture of Fort Ticonderoga, and to hear Madam tell of the noble life and services of the general, Marquis de Lafayette. With a fervor of expression, and a splendor of diction, not possessed by many, Madam Fredin brought before us the incidents of his long and varied career. Every heart was stirred by her eloquence, and she concluded by reciting the French national anthem. After that we all rose and joined with her in singing "My Country, 'tis of Thee." The afternoon was exceedingly hot and oppressive, but there was a good attendance. An ice was served which proved most refreshing, and a fair sum of money realized which the Daughters intend to devote to a most worthy cause.

HARRIET FISHER GREVE,

Historian, Cincinnati Chapter.

ANNUAL REPORT OF MOHEGAN CHAPTER.

On the 27th of May, the first anniversary day of the Mohegan Chapter, Sing Sing, New York, they were welcomed to "Glyndon," the beautiful home of the recording secretary, Mrs. Ralph Brandreth. Although there had been a steady downpour of rain since early morning, the patriotism and perseverance of the Daughters was shown by the large number present. It takes more than an ordinary thunderstorm to dampen the ardor of the spirit of '76 which we claim to have inherited. The large delegations from New York City, from Poughkeepsie, from Kingston, and from Connecticut, as well as the home friends, proved this, and the rain was forgotten amid the flowers, beauty, and good cheer.

Mrs. Annie Van Rensselaer Wells, Regent of the Mohegan Chapter, presided, and the ceremonies were opened by the Rev. G. W. Ferguson, chaplain of the Chapter. This was followed by singing of the "Star Spangled Banner" led by Colonel Francis Larkin, Jr.

In her happiest manner, Mrs. Donald McLean, Regent of New York City Chapter, replied to the address of welcome given by the historian.

Mrs. Nettie Lounsbury Miller read a paper on "Washington in Westchester County." After a humorous allusion to the mythical history connecting the visit of Washington to Westchester in 1756 with a visit to the famous Philipse Manor House, in Yonkers, which our natural feminine instincts would fain make us believe, but cannot. Mrs. Miller gave an authentic account of Washington's campaign in that part of the State. The first time that Washington visited Westchester was in 1776, when he gave General Howe's army attention, and tried to keep them from invading the country. "Two years later, in August, 1778, Washington followed the British and took up his position near the old camp grounds at White Plains, and in the year following went up in the fastness of the Hudson." Later came the brilliant movements in the lower part of the county. Many historic spots have here preserved their interest because Washington visited them. After a medley of patriotic airs, Mrs. Janvier Le Duc, of New York City Chapter, read a most interesting paper on "Manor House in Westchester." We regret that we have not the paper by us from which we can make quotations. It is a paper of such wide and intense interest that we hope the AMERICAN MONTHLY can secure it for publication.

The chaplain then presented to Mrs. Wells a life membership certificate to the Mary Washington Society. The remembrance being the gift of the members of the Mohegan Chapter to their honored Regent.

With the singing of America and the pronouncing of the benediction the exercises were closed.

Then followed refreshments and a delightful social intercourse until the friends from abroad were obliged to take the trains, bearing with them Mohegan's good wishes and gratitude.

The Mohegan Chapter numbers at present thirty-eight accepted members. Monthly meetings have been held during the year at which ancestral papers have been read by the members. Several delightful visits have been made to sister Chapters, and the spirit of patriotism is steadily growing in our midst.

CLARA C. FULLER,
Historian.

FLAG DAY AT HIGHLAND PARK, ILLINOIS.

"THE best laid plans o' mice an' men gang aft a-gley," but not the plans of a loyal Daughter of the American Revolution who enters into a conspiracy with nature to perfect arrangements for successfully celebrating "Flag Day." In this conspiracy both parties did themselves credit. Nature gave the North Shore Chapter one of the most perfect days vouchsafed to mortals, and Mrs. Francis Thorn, as hostess, won laurels for herself. The beautiful home and grounds of Mrs. Thorn were decorated in a manner both pleasing and appropriate. The broad veranda and columns were draped with the triumphant colors, and flags hung from trees. The interior decorations were equally handsome. In the library was a large and interesting display of colonial relics loaned for the occasion by members of the Chapter. These reminded many of other ancestral keepsakes which the great Chicago fire swept out of existence. There was a canteen and knapsack which had done duty at Valley Forge; a powder horn which had served its purpose at Bunker Hill; a cane carried by Lieutenant Fife in 1776; a sword used by Colonel Breyman, of the Hessians, and surrendered to John Gillette at the battle of Bennington; dueling and fencing swords brought from France by Lafayette's soldiers; water color painted about 1700 by Anne Edwards, sister of Rev. Jonathan Edwards; bed quilt embroidered by a member of the Cotton Mather family in 1785; samplers which had been intended as a means of grace for the youthful makers; ruffles of regency lace; a chair from the old Adams house in which Washington and other famous patriots have reclined; a beautifully-preserved, home-spun short gown and petticoat, black satin bonnet, long, rich veil of Flanders net, heavy silver

chatelain, all of which were worn in 1776 by the wife of Colonel Jacob Stroud; infant's robe made by Fannie Aymar; the first India shawl brought to the United States, and many more articles just as priceless as those mentioned.

Our Regent, Mrs. W. C. Egan, was unavoidably absent, but sent a telegram of greeting: "My heart is with my Chapter and our flag to-day. Long life to both." The Vice Regent, Mrs. Boynton, called the meeting to order.

The literary programme consisted of an original poem by Mrs. S. R. Bingham, read by Mrs. Francis Jones; a paper, "The Genesis of our Flag," by Mrs. G. B. Cummings; Mrs. Emily Huntington Miller's poem, "The Girls of Seventy-six," read in a spirited manner by Mrs. E. S. Boynton; "A Plea for Florence Elizabeth Maybrick, an American Woman Entitled to the Protection of our Flag," by Mrs. B. A. Fessenden. Patriotic songs and airs were interspersed. After these exercises the Daughters and guests were invited out to the east veranda, where rugs and chairs had been provided for their comfort and dainty refreshments were served by young ladies.

This was the second observance of Flag Day by this young Chapter. We have twenty-two members and several applications pending.

ADELINE E. P. CUMMINGS,

Secretary.

FOURTH OF JULY PICNIC.

THE Sons of the Revolution and the Daughters of the American Revolution were delightfully entertained at a Fourth of July picnic supper by Colonel and Mrs. Mahin, at their beautiful suburban home, "Highland Park." The grounds were artistically and appropriately decorated with flags, and a cornet band dispensed patriotic airs. Mrs. Mahin, Regent of Clinton Chapter, read an address of welcome, and was responded to by Mr. Lauren C. Eastman, who has been a most enthusiastic worker, and has done so much to assist Mrs. Mahin in establishing the Clinton Chapter of the Daughters of the American Revolution. The Declaration of Independence was then read by Mrs. Frederick E. Ware. A bountiful supper was served, after which toasts were responded to as follows, Mrs. Mahin

acting as toast-mistress: "Patriotism," Frank M. Ellis; "Our Flag," Hon. George M. Curtis; and "Our Nation," by George B. Phelps, in the following:

OUR NATION.

The subject which your committee has requested that I use as the basis of a few brief remarks, together with the character of the two organizations under whose auspices we meet to-day, has brought to my mind the old legend of "The Bell." Thus it runs: In some strange land and time, the people wished to found a bell in which all should have a common interest. It should toll for the dead monarch—"The King is dead;" it should make glad clamor for the new prince, "Long live the King"—it should call the populace to the house of prayer, to the scene of death, and the marriage festivity. Now this bell was not to be dug out of the cold mountains; it was to be made of something that had been warmed by human touch, and loved with human love; and so the people came and cast their offerings in the furnace and went away. There were fetters that had been broken by slaves in their last struggle for liberty; there were links of chains that bondsmen had worn bright, and fragments of swords that had been broken in heroes' hands; there were crosses and rings and bracelets of fine gold, trinkets of silver, and toys of poor red copper. They even brought things that were licked up in an instant by the red tongues of flame; good words they had written, and flowers they had cherished, perishable things that could never be heard in the rich tone and volume of the bell. And thus it was formed, and all felt in it a common interest, for it really represented a part of the life of each of the populace. And when it was finished, and the people heard its tone the poet tells us they said:

"Bell never yet was hung,
Between whose lips there swung so grand a tongue."

Thus it is with us to-day. As Daughters and Sons of the Revolution, we *can* and we *do* feel that this, the grandest and greatest Nation upon which the sun shines in all its course, is in very truth "Our Nation." It represents a part of the life of each of us. A little more than a century ago our forefathers were writhing beneath oppression of the most galling form. Human liberty was crushed beneath the iron heel of despotism. One hundred and nineteen years ago to-day our forefathers proclaimed to the world the solemn declaration which we have just heard read—one of the grandest documents ever penned by mortal man. Eight long years of bloody war against tremendous odds followed. Our forefathers, men in whose veins flowed the same blood as pulsates in ours to-day, left their plows and forges, their shops and desks, their countinghouses and offices, and on a minute's notice enrolled themselves under the banner of liberty. Some were at Concord's bridge where "the embattled farmers stood;" some from Bunker's Heights waged unequal battle with the trained legions of Britain's standing armies; some followed the lead of the im-

petuous Arnold, or the fiery Morgan, in the decisive struggle at Stillwater; some rallied with the sons of New Hampshire and Vermont at Bennington's bloody field, and drove the hireling Hessians from New England's soil; others, under the lead of the immortal Washington, suffered defeat on the sanguinary field of Long Island; and on many another field they fought as valiantly as did Leonidas and his Spartan heroes at Thermopylæ; in the great cause of human freedom they struggled, fought and died. Our liberty at last was gained. Its cost, however, can only be measured as the agony of a hundred bloody fields of battle with their attendant horrors can be estimated. Our National Independence was gained, but thousands of patriot hearts lay cold in death, or moldered back to dust on battlefields from the sunny hills of Georgia to the frozen cliffs before the citadel of Quebec; and now they lie, some on southern fields, and some on northern hills, wrapped in their last long sleep; and we, the lineal descendants of these men, after the lapse of more than a century, gather here to-day to do homage to their memory, and renew our vows of fealty to the grand old Federal Union which they established. Can we not, as we are gathered here under the folds of the same old starry flag which they dyed with their patriot blood, and bore through many a tempest of battle—can we not in very truth speak of our loved country as "Our Nation?"

When we think of the great sacrifices made by our forefathers to secure for themselves, and perpetuate to their posterity, the blessings of civil and religious liberty, we are reminded of the story of Curtius, which we have all read in the study of Roman history: "In ancient days the people of the Eternal City were astonished and alarmed one morning to find in the midst of the forum, situated in the heart of the city, a wide and deep fissure or chasm in the earth. It filled the populace with consternation. What could be the import of this strange portent? The augurs were consulted and the people were informed that an awful doom hung over their beautiful city unless this fissure was in a certain period closed, and that it would be closed only by casting into its depths the most precious things in all Rome. Heralds were sent abroad to inform the whole population of these facts, and to demand their presence in the forum, commanding them to bring with them the most precious things in their possession. The populace gathered. Old men approached the gulf and cast therein the long treasured crowns of laurel won in youth by deeds of valor. Stately matrons stripped their brows and arms of richest gems and rarest jewels, but still the fissure gaped wide as before. A mother saw the depths of darkness swallow up the shield pierced by the lance that in the hour of victory had stricken down her only son. Another with agonized heart saw engulfed the golden ringlets taken from the beauteous brow of her dying babe. The maiden with deepest sorrow delivers up the parting gift of her dead lover, but still the fissure yawns for more. *Are there more precious things in Rome?* Curtius, the young and beautiful knight, declares that nothing can be more truly valuable to a state than patriotism and military virtue. Clad in his armor he mounts his steed, caparisoned

for battle ; way is made, and horse and rider leap into the depths. The rent is closed, and Rome is saved."

Such was the demand made upon our forefathers in the days of the struggle for independence ; but, bold as knightly Curtius, they came forward and offered up on the altar of liberty the most precious sacrifice a nation can give, and laid for us the foundation of this Government, which has been the wonder and the admiration of the civilized world. Time passes ; the scene changes, and again in 1812, in 1846, and in 1861, is the same sacrifice demanded and as freely offered.

Standing as we do to-day, in the full enjoyment of these priceless blessings, bought for us by a sacrifice so great, let us vow to be true to the trust placed in our charge ; and in conclusion let us make the prayer of one of America's greatest poets the prayer of each of us :

"Our fathers' God ! from out whose hand
The centuries fall like grains of sand,
We meet to-day united, free,
And loyal to our land and Thee.
To thank Thee for the era done,
And trust Thee for the opening one.
Oh, make Thou us, through centuries long
In peace secure, in justice strong ;
Around our gift of freedom draw
The safeguard of Thy righteous law,
And cast in some diviner mold,
Let the new cycle shame the old."

At the close of Mr. Phelps's remarks Rev. Frank M. Carson responded to a unanimous call by a few bright and witty remarks on "Ancestry" of the Daughters of the American Revolution.

Later in the evening there was a display of fireworks.

The weather was perfect, the surroundings were charming, everyone was thoroughly imbued with the spirit of the day, and of all the hundred and twenty-five present the older members seemed the most happy, and of this number was our *real* Daughter of the American Revolution, Mrs. Jane Bevier Lamb, whose father served in the Revolution with a New York regiment.

The time for departure came too soon for all, and everyone present felt deeply indebted to our Regent, Mrs. Mahin, both for her kind hospitality and her untiring energy in the duties attending our picnic.

MARY POMEROY WARE,
Registrar.

FLAG DAY IN CHICAGO.

It is to the credit of Chicago Chapter of the Daughters of the American Revolution and of the Illinois Society of the Sons that "Flag Day" was observed so widely in our city. The celebration of this day has indeed grown popular in the three short years and all unite in commendation of the committee in its energetic campaign to secure an act of Congress stopping all degrading uses of our flag. In our State there are few of the historical spots which in the east and south is the object of our Society to acquire and protect (although *Kaskaskia* and Captain Clark must not be forgotten), but the spirit which brought this Society into being animates us and in whatever way it may be possible for us we strive to contribute to its advancement. The Chapter at its last meeting, feeling that no one has ever written anything that has done more to awaken love for the flag than Francis Scott Key in his national hymn, made a liberal donation toward a monument to his memory in Frederick City, Maryland. Bunker Hill Day and the one hundred and eighteenth anniversary of the adoption of the flag we celebrated at the same session of the Chapter, Mrs. J. N. Jewett, Regent, presiding. The room in the Columbus Memorial Building was prettily decorated with red, white, and blue flowers and artistically draped flags. A paper, entitled "The American Flag" (which appears in this number of the Magazine), was read by Mrs. S. H. Kerfoot. Mrs. J. N. Jewett, in the name of the board of the Chapter, presented a large flag to a Bohemian school. Mrs. George F. Bartlett gave an address on "Our Ancestors at Bunker Hill." The growth of our Society has been almost phenomenal, our local Chapter at present numbering three hundred members—all progressive, enthusiastic, and patriotic.

CLARA COOLEY BECKER,
Secretary.

MORE THAN SENTIMENT.

THE last lecture in the Monday afternoon course of the Historical Society of Syracuse, New York, was delivered before an audience of women recently by Mrs. Andrew J. Woodworth. The subject, which was of peculiar interest to the Society, was "The Daughters of the American Revolution; the Objects and Work of the Society." Mrs. Woodworth was one of the charter members of the National Society of the Daughters of the American Revolution, and also of the New York City Chapter of that organization, and knows all about the Society from the beginning."

The motto of the organization, "*Amor Patriæ*"—love of country—meant to the Daughters of the American Revolution not only the sentiment, but all it represented in the past, when their fathers struggled for independence, and all it stood for in the practical education of the youth of the country who were to uphold the dignity of the Government and shape its future. It accepted patriotism in its broadest meaning, which was quoted from Bishop Ireland as follows: "Patriotism is love of country and loyalty to its life and weal—love tender and strong; tender as the love of son for mother; strong as the pillars of death; loyalty genuine and disinterested, shrinking from no sacrifice, seeking no reward save the country's honor and the country's triumph."

From such thoughts originated the National Society of the Daughters of the American Revolution. It was scarcely more than four years since three women determined to organize for the practical embodiment of these ideas, and since that time the organization includes eight thousand members. The Daughters of the American Revolution, Mrs. Woodworth said, was neither original nor alone in its work, but it was the pioneer woman's organization to develop ideas of patriotism.

As early as 1783 the Society of the Cincinnati was established by the officers of the Revolutionary War with the same idea of perpetuating the spirit of the men who achieved American independence. The Society of the Sons of the American Revolution was originated in 1876. The question of admitting women to

this organization was for a long time considered, and when it was decided adversely thoughtful women believed there was a place and duty for them to commemorate the tireless efforts of the women during the momentous years of the Revolution, and this feeling resulted in the organization of the Daughters of the American Revolution in October, 1890.

Mrs. Woodworth quoted from the Constitution the objects of the Society, as follows:

"The objects for which the Society was organized are to perpetuate the memory and the spirit of the men and women who achieved American independence by the acquisition and protection of historical spots and the erection of monuments; by the encouragement of historical research in relation to the Revolution and the publication of its results; by the preservation of documents and relics, and of records of the individual services of Revolutionary soldiers and patriots, and by the promotion of celebrations of all patriotic anniversaries. To carry out the injunction of Washington in his farewell address to the American people, 'to promote as an object of primary importance institutions for the diffusion of knowledge,' thus developing an enlightened public opinion and affording to young and old such advantages as shall develop in them the largest capacity for performing the duties of American citizens. To cherish, maintain, and extend the institutions of American freedom, to foster true patriotism and love of country, and to secure for all mankind the blessings of liberty."

Eligibility to membership consists of a proven lineal descent from an ancestor, who, ever loyal, rendered material aid to the cause of independence as a recognized patriot, as soldier, sailor or civil officer in one of the several Colonies or States or of united Colonies or States. The applicant must be at least eighteen years of age and acceptable to the Society. When twelve persons in one locality are elected members of the National Society they may obtain from the National Board a charter for a local Chapter, which has at its head a Regent. The Regents meet yearly in National Congress held in Washington on February 22.

Mrs. Woodworth outlined the work of the Society in promoting education in the public schools in historical subjects, the cultivation of the spirit of patriotism, and the intelligent observance of the days commemorative of events of history. The use of the flag was encouraged in various ways, which the speaker mentioned, and she gave descriptions of several occasions of national interest celebrated by several Chapters of the organization.

Mrs. Dennis McCarthy, Regent of the Onondaga Chapter, was present and gave information as to the local organization. It was organized on January 28 of this year, with fourteen charter members. It has now twenty accepted members and a large number of applicants. Mrs. McCarthy showed the badge of the organization, which is a spinning-wheel and distaff design, enameled in blue and silver and attached to a ribbon of blue and white, the colors of Washington's staff.

The charter members of the local Chapter are: Mrs. Dennis McCarthy, Regent; Mrs. C. Herbert Halcomb, Secretary; Mrs. William Nottingham, Treasurer; Mrs. George N. Crouse, Registrar; Mrs. Thomas Emery, Historian; Mrs. Frederick D. Huntington, Mrs. Andrew Green, Mrs. James Monroe Ward, Mrs. Eugene McClelland, Mrs. Charles Stone, Mrs. Theodore Butterfield, Dr. Juliet Hanchett, Mrs. Cornelius Emerick, and Miss Amanda Dows.

TOASTED THE SPIRIT OF '76.

THE spirit of '76 pervaded Salt Lake City June 19. It was aroused by a reunion of the descendants of Revolutionary heroes in commemoration of the battle of Bunker Hill, of which June 19 was the one hundred and twentieth anniversary. This social event was under the auspices of the Utah Society of the Sons of the American Revolution. The Society was organized on February 22, 1895; and June 19 gave its first banquet from 9.30 until midnight. It is officered as follows: President, General W. H. Penrose; Vice President, Judge S. A. Merritt; Secretary, Ledyard M. Bailey; Treasurer, Hoyt Sherman, Jr.; Chaplain, Rev. D. R. Lowell; Historian, Charles C. Goodwin; Board of Managers, Nat. M. Brigham, General A. J. Woodbury, Dr. William W. Betts, Dr. George H. Penrose, Lieutenant W. K. Wright. The other members of the Society are Dr. S. Ewing, W. S. Ferris, Dr. J. C. Elliott King, M. L. Ritchie, Dr. E. S. Wright, George R. Mathews, E. D. Lewis, Lieutenant J. F. Preston, J. P. Bache, E. H. Scott, F. A. Meacham, and Dan N. Swan.

Those eligible to membership in the Society are the descendants of those who rendered service in the Revolutionary War,

and of the signers of the Declaration of Independence, members of the Continental Congress or of a Colonial Legislature, and civil officers of the Colonies or of the National Government.

The Sixteenth Infantry band rendered sweet music in the rotunda of the hotel while the guests were assembling. When the feast was ready the band was stationed in the ladies' ordinary, where it played Sousa's "Washington March" while the members of the Society and their invited friends entered the dining-room, which was tastefully draped with the Stars and Stripes. The guests remained standing while the band rendered the "Star Spangled Banner." Then grace was offered by Chaplain Lowell and the banqueters proceeded to discuss the menu.

Those in attendance were General and Mrs. W. H. Penrose, Governor West, George M. Scott, Mr. and Mrs. O. J. Salisbury, Judge and Mrs. C. C. Goodwin, Chaplain and Mrs. D. R. Lowell, Dr. David Utter, Dr. and Mrs. S. Ewing, Mrs. Andrews, Dr. and Mrs. Kingsbury, Mr. and Mrs. Merrill, Mr. Eugene Lewis, Mr. William D. Neal, Mr. and Mrs. L. M. Bailey, Lieutenant and Mrs. W. K. Wright, Dr. George H. Penrose, and Dr. William Winthrop Betts.

When the menu had been served, General Penrose rose to speak of "The Utah Society." He opened with words of welcome, and then spoke of the origin of the Society in California on February 22, 1875, and of its accessions since, until it now had a membership of five thousand. He dwelt upon the need of promoting patriotism throughout the Nation by such an agency as the Society. The Constitution of the United States should be taught, said the general, in all the schools. And none but native-born Americans should be permitted to teach American children Americanism. [Applause.] The great depression throughout the country was due, said General Penrose, to the fact that the people had given themselves over to the money power of a nation that tried, first on sea and then on land, to conquer them, and now was assailing them through their finances. "Shall we stand idly by and let our heritage be snatched from us?" asked General Penrose. "I say no—a thousand times no," he answered, amid applause.

He urged that true patriotism be inculcated, and that every effort be put forth to make those foreigners who come among us good and true Americans. Let true Americanism, said he, bear to the false the ratio of sixteen to one. [Applause.]

General Penrose then introduced Judge Goodwin as the toast-master of the evening. After happy preliminary remarks, the judge called on Rev. David Utter to respond to the toast "Massachusetts and the Day." He reviewed the part taken by Massachusetts in the Revolution and glorified its patriots, and described the battle of Bunker Hill, which he declared to be the event that made it necessary to fight the contest to the bitter end. After that battle, compromise was impossible. He contended that the people of to-day suffered greatly by comparison with the men of the Revolutionary period.

Dr. Ewing read a response to the toast, "Our Patriotic Ancestors," prepared by General A. J. Woodbury, who was unable to be present. It was a fervent and loving tribute to the patriots of Revolutionary days.

Governor West spoke of Utah as one of the fruits of the efforts of those whose patriotism was being commemorated—a new State, he said, was about to enter the Union. He was glad that before its admission a Society of the Sons of the American Revolution had been established here to inculcate lessons of patriotism. Of all the thirty-one stars that have been added to the original thirteen on the flag created by the forefathers, not one had given greater glory to the Union than would be given by the forty-fifth, which was to be added before the close of the year. [Applause.] He said this with a full appreciation of his native State, Kentucky, which was the first to be admitted to the Union. Utah would be great, because of the work of its liberty-loving pioneers, who had laid so well the foundations of a commonwealth.

Chaplain Lowell responded both wittily and seriously to the toast, "The Ladies," provoking laughter and applause. When he closed, Dr Penrose proposed a toast to Mrs. O. J. Salisbury, the first member of the Utah Chapter of Daughters of the American Revolution, which is being organized. This toast was drank by the company standing, and then, while the band rendered "Hail Columbia," the banqueters departed.



LIEUTENANT OBADIAH PERKINS, GROTON, CONNEC-
TICUT.

My ancestor's services in enlisting in the establishment of American Independence during the War of the Revolution were as follows :

First enlistment, September, 1776; was wounded in the breast at the battle of Fort Griswold, September 6, 1781; received invalid pension at close of the war.

The account of the terrible massacre of brave men at Fort Griswold is a story indelibly printed on the pages of my memory and will remain clear, while reason lasts.

My grandparents lived about one and a half miles from the fort. Colonel Ledyard commanded the fort; my grandfather was his second in command. Colonel Ledyard was the military commander of New London District, which included the two forts, Trumbull and Griswold.

The first days of September, 1781, were days of anxiety and alarm to the forts and inhabitants, generally. Rumors were afloat that traitor Arnold had threatened to march to New London and burn the house he was born in. A suspicious British fleet was lurking near the harbor of New London.

The night of September 5, Colonel Ledyard and his officers were in consultation at Fort Griswold, and couriers were dispatched through the farming regions and small towns, calling for recruits and warning the people.

At the first dawn, Colonel Ledyard went to see the condition of Fort Trumbull, leaving my grandfather in command. No indications, as to point of attack, had been made, and hastily giving to the sentinels the signal of alarm, in case of the landing of the enemy, he rode to his home for his breakfast. His house was hidden from sight of the fort and highway by a dense grove, and many women and children, living in more exposed homes, had sought refuge there. His breakfast was ready and without removing hat or gloves he hastily swallowed a cup of coffee and the hot biscuit prepared for him, when three guns were fired and his waiter, who was on the lookout, galloped to the door, calling out, "the British are landing." Grandfather instantly sprang to the saddle of his horse, standing at the door, and striking the spurs into his sides, bounded away out of sight. Arriving at the fort he summoned his brother officers for consultation; they had not long to wait, Colonel Ledyard was soon on the ground; he had ordered the small force under Captain Shapely to spike the guns and vacate his post, and join the force at Griswold.

A number of farmers had already arrived as volunteers (and they trusted the militia would arrive soon); all told they had one hundred and thirty men—a small number to stand against the invading force of two regiments of regular troops and a corps of loyalists (they did not, however, come up in time for service).

On landing, the regulars lost no time in moving on toward Fort Griswold, and Colonel Eyre, the commander, sent his aid with a flag to demand a surrender. This was refused. "The fort will be defended to the last extremity," was the answer to the demand.

The attack was hastily made. When they came within range, they were met with a well aimed discharge of the cannon and a steady discharge of guns; never was a braver defense made, and it told with fatal results upon the enemy. Three of their highest officers fell, and the dead and wounded of the attacking force far outnumbered the brave little band inside the fort. Their loss enraged the enemy, and vengeance was the war cry. Over the dead bodies of their own soldiers (a large portion were Hessians hired for the bloody work), they

cut down the guards and entered the arena. My pen can give no adequate idea of the butchery which followed. His superior officers having fallen, the command had devolved upon the inhuman and ignoble Major Bromfield. To him Colonel Ledyard resigned his sword, in token of submission, saying, "I was the commander of this fort; you are now." The brutal officer grasped it and plunged it into the brave, noble, and generous heart. My grandfather, with other friends who stood near him, leaped forward to avenge his colonel's death, but fell wounded and bleeding; already his own father was slain and his three brothers lay weltering in their gore. Their names, Luke Perkins, Luké Perkins, Jr., Elnathan Perkins, and Elisha Perkins, are graven upon the monument erected under the patronage of the State of Connecticut, A. D. 1830, in memory of the patriots who fell at Fort Griswold.

The example of the bloodthirsty Bromfield was a license to the butchery that followed.

Meantime my noble and patriotic grandmother, sheltering in her home the terror-stricken wives and children of neighbors, who had seen the smoke of their burning homes, and with all the agony of suspense had been active in the work of relief for the wounded suffering soldiers, and had brought out from her linen closet her store of sheets, towels, pillow cases, and table cloths; willing hands had assisted her and a large sack was filled with lint, bandages, and other necessities.

These were dispatched by a messenger and received by my grandfather as he was placing the dead body of his father on a platform (for its protection from mutilation), not five minutes before the gates fell.

Of course the supply was seized and used by the British for their own wounded. After the slaughter had been bidden to cease by a higher officer who appeared upon the scene, the robbing of the dead and wounded followed; the dead were stripped naked and heaped in a pile; our wounded left with wounds undressed.

Grandfather did not return, and all night long his faithful wife, with a lighted torch, searched among the dead for his corpse, but in vain. In the morning he was found alive; had been inhumanly piled with all the helpless into an ammunition

wagon and started down the slope and left to perish, but was providentially rescued, but never fully recovered from the wound received.

My authority for this record is my own mother, Emblem Perkins Blair, of Becket, Massachusetts, and my grandmother, Emblem Perkins, of Groton, Connecticut, also the record of service of Connecticut men in the Revolution, compiled by authority of the General Assembly, under the direction of Adjutant General, 1885-86, Hartford, 1887.

MARY P. B. SMITH.

EVAN SHELBY.

BUT this man of iron had a softer side to his nature, he had a sweetheart—and while he was off fighting his country's battles, she had with her brother gone to Kentucky to join her father, Nathaniel Hart, who with his brothers formed a large part of the company known as "the Colony of Transylvania in America," their claims covering almost the whole of Kentucky. It was during explorations for this company that Daniel Boone gained his great reputation as a pioneer. When Isaac Shelby found his bird had flown, he solaced himself with a little flirtation with pretty Miss Bledsoe, who afterwards married his old friend, Colonel Sevier. But when the war was finally over he returned to look after his large landed possessions in Kentucky. He found Susanna in the old fort at Boonsborough, where a little while before her father had been killed by the Indians, his body thrown over the stockade, and she had with her own hands prepared it for burial. But here the vows were renewed and Susanna stayed in the fort while the colonel returned to his estate in Lincoln County; for this estate, the records say, "was the first certificate of settlement and preëmption granted by the governor of Virginia to Isaac Shelby for raising a crop of corn in the County of Kentucky in the year 1776." Here he built a home, the first stone house in Kentucky, built by a future governor, and which now, in 1895, is the home of his descendants. The name, "Traveler's Rest," is the index of the hospitality dispensed there; no weary traveler passed without a welcome, even the friendly Indians

camped on its broad acres, and were supplied with corn, and "otherwise treated so well" that they called him "Old King Shelby." Meanwhile, while the home was being prepared, Susanna was doing her share for the coming nuptials—spinning with deft fingers a wedding gown, woven from flax raised within the stockade, so soft and fine that tradition says it could be drawn through the wedding ring. In April, 1784, the wedding took place within the stockade, and the wedding journey was begun, the bride and groom, from necessity, on horseback, with a strong escort of soldiers mounted, for their wedding journey was through the "dark and bloody ground." Part of the bride's dower was the horse, with saddle and bridle, on which she made her wedding journey. Susanna Hart Shelby was always a helpmeet for her husband. When he sat with his rifle guarding his men while at work from an always possible attack from the Indians, she was often by his side with the inevitable knitting; the art with which she wove her wedding gown was taught to her slaves, and a weaving-room was one of the necessities of Traveler's Rest. When Henry Clay, in a speech in the United States Senate, mentioned the wife of Isaac Shelby as a model housekeeper for the young women of the country to emulate, it meant a great deal; a woman's household was her kingdom a hundred years ago; nor were the creature comforts all that Susan Hart Shelby had a talent for. She is described as a woman of ready wit, holding her own with the statesmen of the day, many of whom were frequent guests at her house. This pioneer couple had ten children, all of whom reached maturity, were married, and had families of their own. The oldest son, James, married Mary Prindell, a daughter of Dr. Richard Prindell, who during the Revolution was a surgeon in the army; he was at the battle of Brandywine Creek, and when Lafayette was wounded was appointed by General Washington to dress his wounds—you will pardon a digression, I know, and let me quote from a recent letter received from a daughter of James and Mary Shelby, who, although now in her eighty-third year, has still the stately grace of the olden time; she was attending the "female seminary" in Lexington, Kentucky, which was chosen as the place for the celebration given to Lafayette during his

last visit to the United States. The young ladies were dressed in white, with garlands of roses. She says, "I witnessed a meeting in after years between the old surgeon and the never-to-be-forgotten Lafayette in his visit to our country." "I was called out by the principal of the school when he met the citizens of Lexington, and presented to the general as the granddaughter of two of his army companions, I made my courtesy to the old gentleman and repeated Pope's universal prayer—from that day the school was known as the Lafayette Female Academy." Mary Prindell Shelby's maternal grandfather was Thomas Hart, the great-uncle of Thomas Hart Benton, for whom he was named; he was the father of Mrs. Henry Clay, of Mrs. James Brown, whose husband was minister to France, and of Mrs. Prindell. Sallie Shelby, another daughter of Isaac Shelby, married Dr. Ephraim McDowell, the father of ovariectomy, with a world-wide reputation. Letitia married Charles Todd, who was once minister to Russia. One of the four husbands of his daughter Susan, Mr. Shannan, was minister to Central America; he died during his mission and the Government sent a vessel to convey the widow to the United States.

In 1792 Isaac Shelby was chosen first Governor of Kentucky. Shaler says: "Shelby was as brave in action as he was wise in council, his choice as the first Governor was an honor and a blessing to the young Commonwealth;" all the time of his administration was a very critical period for the young Commonwealth. To quote another source: "It was largely due to his unflinching patriotism and courage that the State was safely piloted through the troublous times of adjusting early complications, especially those caused by the conflicts with the Spaniards on the navigation of the Mississippi River, and the treasonable efforts to abandon the United States and coalesce with Spain." The crisis being past Isaac Shelby returned to his farm, and refused another term, but when the war clouds lowered again and the War of 1812 was a certainty, his State demanded his services and he was again made Governor, and although an old man he was, as always, ready to do his country's service. At the age of sixty-three years he raised four thousand troops, mounted them on his own responsibility, and joined General Wm. Henry Harrison, and the battle of the

Thames was fought, and a victory won. I quote from one account of this battle, "without meaning to detract from the just fame of Wm. Henry Harrison, it cannot be denied that this battle won for him by Shelby made him President of the United States, had the people recognized the true facts in the case Isaac Shelby would have been made President instead of Harrison." In Harrison's report to the Secretary of War, he says: "I am at a loss how to mention the merits of Governor Shelby, being convinced that no eulogium of mine can do him justice; the Governor of an independent State, and greatly my superior in years, in experience, and in military fame, he placed himself under my command, and was not more remarkable for his zeal and activity than for the promptitude with which he obeyed my orders." For their services both he and Harrison received a medal from Congress. In this war Isaac Shelby's son, James, was a captain in his father's company. He was taken prisoner by the British at the battle of the River Raisin, and was finally exchanged and returned home, after being considered among the slain.

Isaac Shelby's long career of bravery and usefulness was drawing to a close. President Monroe tendered him the post of Secretary of War, which he declined, his only other public service being in adjusting the Indian claims in Kentucky and Tennessee. In 1826, sitting in his chair, with only his faithful wife by his side, he died. For many years they have lain side by side under the shade of the trees, where the joys and sorrows of their eventful lives were passed. And now, in conclusion—

If our Society of the Daughters of the American Revolution means anything, it is that from such lives as these we learn our lessons of patriotism. The foundation stones of our Republic were laid in unflinching courage and incorruptible integrity; let us hold fast to these, as we value the life of our beloved country, and thank God for the possibilities of American manhood—of American womanhood.

MARY SHELBY STALLCUP.

[CONCLUDED.]

SKETCH OF GENERAL JOHN BULL.

JOHN BULL was born June 1, 1731, in Providence Township, Philadelphia County (now Montgomery County), Pennsylvania. The names of his parents are not certainly known, though it has been learned that his father died before 1752 and that his mother lived to the age of ninety-six. He had two brothers, William and Thomas, both of whom have descendants now living; also sisters, one of them named Elizabeth Betson. John Bull married Mary Phillips, who was of Welsh parentage, August 13, 1752. May 12, 1758, he was appointed captain on the Provincial service and was at the taking of Fort Duquesne (now Pittsburg), with the Pennsylvania and other troops (including George Washington), under General Forbes. Bull gives a graphic account of his duty at this time in a letter he wrote to the Council July 9, 1779. In it he says: "During the Campaign in the Last French War to the Ohio in the year 1758, while the french were in Possession of Fort Duquesne, now fort Pitt, I with five Indians went Into their Country on the other side the Ohio and the fort with Dispatches from the government and general there held a Conference with them Drew them off entirely from the french Interest, they left the fort and we Possesd it without fighting."

The following year, 1759, Bull was reappointed captain and served again. After 1761 he was a justice of the peace and after 1768 a justice of the court of quarter service of the county. In 1771 he bought five hundred and forty-three acres on the site where Norristown now stands, and removed there from Limerick Township.

During the Revolution General Bull's services, military and civil, were various and active. In 1774 he was one of the Committee of Inspection of his county and in 1775 a member of the second Provincial Convention which determined on open rebellion. From November 25, 1775, until his resignation, January 20, 1776, he was colonel of the First Pennsylvania Battalion of the Continental troops. In February he carried public money to Cambridge, Massachusetts. In June he was a member of the third Provincial Convention which framed

the Pennsylvania Constitution. In July he was made colonel of the Sixth Associators Battalion of the State; was elected member of the fourth convention; was made chairman of the Committee of Inspection of Philadelphia County; became a member of the Council of Safety of the State, and was a justice of the peace. In September he was appointed general superintendent of the construction of defenses at Billingsport, which work he conducted at intervals until 1779, being appointed "colonel commandant" there in February, 1777. In January, 1777, he was a commissioner to treat with the Indians at Easton, Pennsylvania. In February he was elected member of the Assembly of Pennsylvania, and although in March, when the Council of Safety gave place to the Executive Council as the real governing body, he was not a member of the latter body, he served a month on the Board of War. May 2 he was appointed colonel of the Pennsylvania State Regiment of Foot and on June 17 was transferred to the position of adjutant general of Pennsylvania.

Meantime his wife had charge of the estate, all but fifty-five acres of which was sold to the University of Pennsylvania November 2, 1776. On September 23, 1777, the British Army, under Howe, burned several buildings and confiscated servants and property on its way to Philadelphia (Bull was afterwards reimbursed £2080 for the damage). Tradition is rife with Mrs. Bull's bravery on this occasion; how she was interviewed by Howe and scorned his offer of rewards if her husband would desert the American cause; how she put out the fire that was started in the house; how she saved some things by hiding them, and how a daughter escaped on horseback with their title deeds. The following winter was spent by the family at Hummelstown, near Lancaster, Pennsylvania, whither the State Gunlock Factory, of which Bull's son-in-law, Benjamin Rittenhouse, was superintendent, had been moved.

In December, 1777, Bull was temporarily in command of the Second Brigade of Pennsylvania militia. January 3, 1778, the Council decided that an adjutant general was no longer necessary, and relieved General Bull with complimentary expressions of appreciation.

He, however, having become accustomed to manifold duties, failed to appreciate the benefits of inaction while anything remained to be done, and addressed the following letter to "ye Hon. George Bryan, Esq., the Vice President of the State Council." It contains various points of interest:

Dr. Sir,

I arrived at Hummelstown the night I left Lancaster, where I found my People, I yesterday waited upon Col. McCane and Intend Dining with him this day. The River is full of Ice and likely to Continue. My being inactive has Given me a Reflection upon my fate in the Last Long Campaign and shall Take the Liberty of Troubling you with a Line upon some of the Circumstances, it is well known to many that about this time Twelve months the Council of Safety order'd a great quantity of Cannon Ball from Phila. to my house thinking it a place of greater security than the City, it is easy to Conceive that the sight of these and a quantity of Intrenching tools which Lay in a Small Building adjacent together with my being in the Service, were the greatest Inducements to the Enemies Reaking their Vengence upon the Chief Part of my Property, and by Reason of my Public Engagements, it was not in my power to Pay the Necessary attention to the Small Remainder, otherways than sending Mrs. Bull and family (for the present) to a Distant Land until times will admit of their return, the whole of these my misfortunes Did not affect me so much as after my having Served this State through the Fatigues of a Tedious Campaign I should be Dismis'd the Service Before I Reach half way to my Distress'd family I Say not a word for the advantages arising from ye service for every man Knows that he who is Deepest Engaged is a Loser, I can aver that all my Pay will not support my 'Self, exclusive my family, but that is by no mean the Cause of this line, it is my going for the Present to a Strange Neighborhood, and having been Constantly Employed in Publick service am now Dismissed. If I have Neglected it or have not faithfully Performed the several Trusts &c., then I am Justly treated, but if I have, I leave others to judge. My Consolation is that while Heaven supports my spirits no man can Deprive me of being my Country's

friend. You will Excuse the freedom and hurry, as Mr. De-haven has one foot in ye sterip and Col. McCane expects me.

Sir your obt

Humble servt

Jno. Bull

Jan. ye 19th, 1778, 11 o'clock A. M.

After serving again as justice, in September Bull took up anew the direction at Billingsport which had been interrupted by his service as adjutant general, and in 1780 he was commissioner of Purchases of Philadelphia County, and one of three commissioners to limit prices of merchandise.

Between 1780 and 1784 Bull removed to his estate on Opequan Creek, Berkeley County, Virginia (now West Virginia), and was still there in 1795, although his place at Northumberland, Pennsylvania, was occupied in 1785. In 1803 he was elected to the State Assembly from Northumberland, and in 1808 he was defeated as Federal candidate for Congress.

Mary Phillips Bull died at Northumberland, February 23, 1811, aged eighty years. John Bull died there August 9, 1824. They had one son, Ezekiel William, surgeon United States Army, who died unmarried in 1819 or 1820, and five daughters, viz: (1) Elizabeth, married Benjamin Rittenhouse, brother of the famous David; (2) Anna, married General John Smith, of Virginia; (3) Mary, married Joseph Nourse, first Register of the Treasury; (4) Rebecca, married Captain John Boyd; (5) Sarah Harriet, married three times but has no descendants living. A considerable number of Daughters of the American Revolution are descended from John Bull, including the Regent of Sunbury Chapter, Pennsylvania, and the present Surgeon General. Although he holds no lofty position in history, there lived surely no more ardent patriot nor one who labored more earnestly for the cause of independence.

ANITA NEWCOMB MCGEE, M. D.



A REMINISCENCE OF RALPH WALDO EMERSON.

THE following letter of Ralph Waldo Emerson, never before published, was written to a distant kinswoman of my own. Happy the literary aspirant, half a century ago, whose rejected manuscripts even might bring such courteous recognition from one of the immortals.

The world now delights to honor the memory of that "party of friends" who were promoting the precarious existence of that "little journal." We realize, in reading these lines, how, during the past fifty years, the narrow confines of literature in our country have expanded into a wide realm, peopled by innumerable writers and readers.

CONCORD, 6 July, 1841.

MISS A. D. W———:

I owe you an apology, for neglecting to acknowledge the receipt of your note enclosing a copy of verses for the *Dial*—I will not count how many weeks ago. I am not quite so guilty as the date of your note would seem to make me, for it was addressed *Boston*, and forwarded thence to me by some friend unknown some time later. In reply to the inquiry respecting our little journal, the *Dial*, I have to say that all the contributions to that paper are gratuitous. It was set on foot by a party of friends, and is furnished with matter by them. A very few persons, on whose pen a constant dependence is placed, receive each a copy of the work and no other reward. The occasional contributors have not received even this recompense, so entirely is this journal an experiment, hitherto uncertain whether its subscription list

would pay its printing and publication. Miss Fuller, the editor, who is to have some contingent allowance from the publishers, has thus far, I believe, received none.

Will Miss W—— now allow me to show her a stroke of the petty tyranny of my office as poetic critic or Fadladeen to the *Dial*, and to tell her why I did not press my friend Miss Fuller to insert these harmonious lines you have sent me in the *Dial* for this month? I believe I am very hard to please in the matter of poetry, but my quarrel with most of the verses I read is this, namely, that it is conventional, that it is a certain manner of writing agreed on in society (in a very select society, if you will,)—and caught by the ear; but is not that new, constitutional, unimitated and inimitable voice of the individual, which poetry ought always to be. I think I ought always to be apprised by any person's poetry of that individual's private experience. The imagery ought to reveal to me where and with whom he or she has spent the hours, and ought to show me what objects (never before so distinguished) his constitution and temperament have made affecting to him. In short, all poetry should be original and necessary. The verses you sent me are uncommonly smooth and elegant, and happily express a pleasing sentiment; but I suppose I should prize more highly much ruder specimens from your portfolio, which you perhaps would as much underrate, which recorded in a way you could not repeat, some profound experience of happiness or pain.

I have written a long letter, yet have given but a hint of what I should say. You must not, however, judge me so ill as to think me quite contented with such verses as we have published in our magazine. Yet I please myself much with the marked taste for poetry which is showing itself everywhere in the country, and I congratulate you on the possession of an ear and talent which promise so much.

R. W. EMERSON.

Contributed by Mrs. John Quincy Adams.

A FURLOUGH.

“HEADQUARTERS, JAMESTOWN, *March 10, 1776.*

MR. ISAAC WHEELER is permitted to go off this Island, to return in twenty days from this date, his *son* Isaac likewise, till he is able to return into the service, on account of his health.

[Signed]

CHRISTOPHER LIPPIT.”

The above is a copy of furlough granted to the father and grandfather of Mrs. Nancy Lord Stanton, an honorary member of the Fanny Ledyard Chapter, Daughters of the American Revolution, of Mystic, Connecticut. Isaac, Jun., born *June 6, 1768*, being *less than eight years old* at the time of service. The “Island,” meaning Newport, Rhode Island. Isaac, Jun., was a “musician.” Does anyone know of a younger soldier?

E. A. MINER DENISON.



CHAPTERS.

GENERAL JAMES WADSWORTH CHAPTER, Middletown, Connecticut.—This Chapter bears the proud distinction of being the senior Chapter of the "Banner State." Other Chapters may outnumber it in membership but none can excel it in good feeling, lofty sentiment, and patriotic enthusiasm. The Chapter numbers among its members descendants of men who have rendered distinguished service to the cause of liberty, from Elder Brewster, of the Mayflower, and men of Thomas Hooker's company, from members of the Continental Congress and Brother Jonathan's famous Council of Safety, from the first commissary of the State, and the first admiral of the United States down to the present. The highly esteemed wife of the present popular Governor of the State, Mrs. Ellen Cre Coffin, is an active and enthusiastic member of the Chapter. In April a brilliant reception was given by the Chapter in honor of its retiring Regent and newly elected State Regent for Connecticut, Miss Susan Carrington Clarke. The beautiful Delta Kappa Epsilon Chapter house was placed at the disposal of the Daughters for the occasion. The house was gay with flags, palms, and floral decorations, while arms which had borne a part in the Revolutionary struggle and other relics were displayed. The resident Sons of the American Revolution with their wives, and Daughters with their husbands were present in full numbers. After the reception a short business meeting was held with Mrs. Dr. B. P. Raymond acting Regent in the chair. In a few graceful words Mrs. Raymond presented from the Chapter an exquisite bouquet of roses to the retiring Regent, Miss Clarke. Mrs. Coffin then read an interesting account of the doings of the Fourth Continental Congress in Washington, to which she was a delegate. The formal proceedings of the evening were interspersed with music of a high order. After the programme a luxurious banquet was served in the spacious dining-room. This was the first of many succeeding receptions tendered the Regent

in different parts of the State. The June meeting was held at the home of Mrs. Judge Elmer. At the close of the business meeting a very interesting and carefully prepared paper was read by Mrs. E. T. Duby upon that sturdy old patriot, General Stark. Patriotic airs and other music added to the delight of the occasion, and the social hour and entertainment provided by the hostess were greatly enjoyed. The Chapter numbers about seventy; its growth has been gradual but healthy from the first. It has contributed generously to the Liberty Bell, to the Mrs. Harrison portrait fund, to the Mary Washington Monument Association, and a box of ancient and historic soil went from it to mingle about the roots of the Sequoia Liberty Tree on the Pacific coast. It has some local work on hand at present and is planning greater usefulness for the future.—MARY S. NORTHPROP, *Historian*.

OTSEGO CHAPTER.—The first public function of Otsego Chapter was the celebration of "Flag Day." Invitations had been issued to the Sons of the American Revolution and their wives to meet the Daughters of the American Revolution at a reception to be held on the evening of that day at the home of the Regent, Mrs. T. C. Turner. Soon after eight o'clock the beautifully decorated rooms of this charming house, one of the oldest in the village, were filled with the Daughters and Sons of patriotic fathers. The exercises of the evening were most interesting and entertaining—the programme being as follows:—Prayer, Rev. Charles Olmsted, D. D.; Singing, Star Spangled Banner; Address, Mrs. T. C. Turner, Regent; Historian's Report, Miss Forbes; Address, "The Flag," Mr. Andrew Davidson; Song, "New Hail Columbia," Ladies Chorus; Address, Mr. G. P. Keese; Quotation, "The Flag," Miss Patterson; Quotation, "The Flag," Miss Davidson; Quotation, "The Flag," Miss Tippet; Address, Mr. T. C. Turner; Music, America; after which refreshments were served. The evening was considered by all as most enjoyable, and especially was it the happy occasion when many of the nonresident members of this Chapter met with us for the first time.—JEAN FORBES.

EDITOR'S NOTE BOOK.

THINGS WE WOULD LIKE TO KNOW.

DEAR EDITOR: Please tell us when and where the question was first authoritatively discussed proposing a Union of all the Colonies?

L. L.

A. At Albany, New York. 1754.

New Hampshire, Massachusetts, Rhode Island, Connecticut, New York, Pennsylvania, and Maryland were represented.

A union of all the Colonies under one Government was proposed.

It was to be administered by one Chief Magistrate, who was to be appointed by the King and a council of forty-eight members, to be chosen by the Legislatures of the several Colonies. This convention was termed the First Colonial Congress.

These terms were not ratified by the King or the Colonists.

Are there any laws governing the formation of Chapter By-Laws?

M. P. B.

A. No By-Law can be enacted by a Chapter that conflicts with the Constitution.

Local Chapters can enact By-Laws that are in harmony with the Constitution of the National Society. Constitution, Chapter Seventh, Section Third.

Can we elect a minister as chaplain for our Chapter?

S.

A. If the minister is a man we should say, no; for no amount of ancestry could make him a Daughter of the American Revolution.

The question has frequently been asked, how or when the term "Old Glory" was first given to our flag?

The following extract from Coffin's "Drumbeat of the Nation," has been sent us by Grace Potter Johnson, member Lucretia Shaw Chapter:

"There was one Union man in Nashville who had stood resolutely for the old flag, Stephen Driver, who before the war was a sea captain, sailing from Salem, Massachusetts, to foreign lands. Once, when in a foreign port, he rendered important service to the place, and the people presented him with a beautiful flag. A priest pronounced a blessing upon it as it rose to the masthead of his ship, and he made a solemn promise to ever defend it, with his life if need be. He had made Nashville his home. He opposed secession. When the war began he was obliged to secrete the flag. He sewed it in a quilt, and every night slept beneath it. He named it "Old Glory." Many times the Confederate soldiers searched his house

to find it. "I shall yet raise it above the State house," he said to them. They threatened him with death, and he bade them do their worst. His hour of triumph came when the troops under Buell entered Nashville. He told soldiers the story of "Old Glory," brought it out, went with them to the roof of the State house and flung it to the breeze with the men in blue swinging their caps and shouting their hurrahs!"—*Drumbeat of the Nation*.—CHARLES C. COFFIN.

Attention is called to the "Letter to Chapters," in the May Magazine. Up to this date very few replies have been received.

Correct records cannot be kept at headquarters without the coöperation of every Chapter.

Very few Directories are left unsold. Chapters not yet supplied should send at once.





Young
People's
Department

EDITED BY

Margaret Sidney

THE CHILDREN'S DEPARTMENT.

THE CHILDREN'S DEPARTMENT contains only what was necessarily left over last month.

The MAGAZINE, being issued at an earlier date this month, which is expected hereafter to be the date of issue, must necessarily go to press without the Young People's Department being full.—ED.

LETTERS FROM FRIENDS OF THE SOCIETY.

STATE HOUSE, BOSTON, *July 1, 1895.*

MY DEAR MRS. LOTHROP :

The lessons of patriotism and lofty citizenship cannot be inculcated too early into the minds of the youth of America—devotion to country—its institutions and its purposes—must mean good will to all men and inure to the benefit of the whole world. An organization calculated to promote noble ideals of patriotic duty deserves to be fostered and encouraged.

Sincerely yours,

FREDERICK T. GREENHALGE.

WASHINGTON, D. C., 1405 I ST., *June 29, 1895.*

MY DEAR MRS. LOTHROP :

Your very kind and cordial letter reached me this morning and I wish I might tell you in reply that I could be with you on the Fourth of July in the Old South Meetinghouse, Boston, but it really is impossible—my husband will then, I trust, be on his way home; he expects to land on next Monday and will come to me as soon as the trains can bear him—so I must not leave home for either duty or pleasure.

Please convey my greetings to the dear children whom we all love so much, and on whom our future depends, and give my regrets at not being able to see them in person.

Accept my thanks, my dear Mrs. Lothrop, for your kind invitation to rest at "The Wayside." I know it would be most charming and I trust sometime I may have that pleasure.

Very sincerely,

MARY PARKE FOSTER.

MRS. JOHN W. FOSTER,

President General, Daughters of the American Revolution.

CAMBRIDGE, MASS., *June 29, 1895.*

MY DEAR MRS. LOTHROP :

I am very sorry to find it will be entirely impossible for me to be in Boston on the Fourth of July. Let me tell you now, therefore, what I

should take pleasure in saying if I were able to be present, that I believe great good will come from the National Society of the Children of the American Revolution. Its foundation is a gratifying illustration of the growing interest in the history of our country, and I have no doubt that its worth will be of great help in extending and strengthening the influence of the courses of historical study already begun at the Old South Meetinghouse. As I was myself the one to begin this work in 1879, I am naturally interested in whatever is likely to advance and extend it.

Very sincerely yours,

JOHN FISKE.

THE GOOD WORK GOES ON.

MRS. CUTHBERT H. SLOCOMB, the chairman of the Children of the American Revolution committee of the Anna Warner Bailey Chapter, called a meeting at the Monument House on Tuesday, July 9, and formed the fourth Society in New London County, under Miss Mary Jane Avary and Miss Bouse as president and assistant. This Society is named "Colonel Ledyard," after our fort's brave martyr.

Yesterday, July 18, Mrs. Slocumb met a lovely group of children in Stonington Borough, at Mrs. Franklin B. Noyes's home, when the fifth Society was immediately organized with Mrs. Noyes as president, and Miss Emily Wheeler, assistant. The children unanimously decided for the name "William Latham, Jr.," known in history as the "Powder Monkey," and will doubtless become known most creditably as the Powder Monkey Lathams ere long. The youngest soldier in Fort Griswold, we are told, was twelve or fourteen years of age, and carried himself throughout the fight as a working hero.

From the "Weekly Review," Groton, Connecticut, July 19, 1895.

IN MEMORIAM.

MRS. SARAH ANDERSON KENDRICK.

"DEATH loves a shining mark," and on July 5, 1895, Sarah Anderson Kendrick was called to her eternal rest.

Hers was indeed an interesting figure among us ; of great historical interest, because she was a living link between that great struggle for independence begun in 1776, and our organization, national in its character, which is to perpetuate and keep alive the memory of those days.

She was a real Daughter of the Revolution, her father being Richard Clough Anderson, who was born at Goldmine, Hanover County, Virginia, January 12, 1750. He entered the Revolutionary Army as a captain in the Fifth Virginia, Continental Line ; was promoted major First Regiment, Continental Line ; major Third Regiment, Continental Line ; lieutenant colonel of the Sixth Regiment, Continental Line, of Virginia. He served as aid-de-camp to General the Marquis de Lafayette, between whom and himself a warm personal friendship existed. During the war he performed some very difficult services, and was a prisoner of war in the Charleston prison for nine months. He was one of the original members of the Society of the Cincinnati, and after the war was appointed surveyor general and brigadier general of militia. He was married first to Miss Clark, of Virginia, and his second wife was Miss Sarah Marshall, of the old Marshall family of Caroline (originally Westmoreland) County, the same State. His second wife was a cousin of his first, and also a direct descendant of the Clarks. On receiving his appointment he settled in Jefferson County, Kentucky, and built the first stone residence known to have been built in the State. He called his home "Soldier's Retreat," because, with true Virginia hospitality, he made of it a veritable retreat for his old comrades in arms.

It was here, at "Soldier's Retreat," on June 9, 1822, that the subject of our sketch, Sarah Anderson Kendrick, the youngest of seventeen children, was born. General Anderson died on October 16, 1826. After his death his widow removed with her younger children to Chillicothe, the older children having preceded her to Ohio. Mrs. Kendrick attended the school of John Locke, in Cincinnati, and in this school she acquired most of her education. At Chillicothe she met and married Andrew D. Kendrick, a young attorney at law; the marriage was solemnized on July 4, 1848. After a few years they removed to Muscatine, Iowa, and here Mr. Kendrick died in 1858.

A year later Mrs. Kendrick came to Cincinnati and took up her residence with her sister, Mrs. Latham, on Broadway. Mrs. Latham, who was another genuine Daughter of the American Revolution, died about eight years ago, and was buried on Washington's birthday. Mrs. Kendrick continued to reside in the old home for the next three years, from that time until her death she made her home with Dr. and Mrs. Kemfer. During the late war, Mrs. Kendrick was zealously devoted to the cause of the Union, and worked enthusiastically and incessantly in the interest of the soldiers, giving special attention to the care of the sick and wounded. She took charge of the hospital in Cincinnati for eighteen months, and was highly complimented for her work by General Burnside. She was a prominent worker in many of the charitable societies of the city, for she was by nature charitable, and a devout churchwoman. She died possessed of a fair estate, which she divided, by will, among six of her nieces. Among the relics willed to her descendants, was a bust of Washington, a bust of her brother, Major Robert Anderson, "the hero of Fort Sumter," and a photograph of a certificate of the Society of the Cincinnati.

She was a woman of fine mind, strong convictions, and courteous in her manner, and was very fond of preserving family letters and traditions and all historical documents that came in her way. The family have among their possessions valuable relics of Lafayette.

She was admitted to the Cincinnati Chapter of the Daughters of the American Revolution in 1894, and the Chapter appreciated the honor of having one of the few "Daughters of the American Revolution" still living in the United States among their number. At the entertainment given at the St. Nicholas by the Daughters to the Sons, on the first of January, 1895, to commemorate the unfurling of the flag, Mrs. Kendrick was able to be present and stood in the receiving line for a few moments. She appeared deeply moved, but very much interested. The last occasion of her coming amongst us was at the last meeting of the Chapter for the current year, held on Monday, May 6th. On that day the Regent of the Chapter read a touching address and presented her with a beautiful souvenir spoon in the name of the National Society of the Daughters of the American Revolution. With her eyes swimming in tears, too weak to stand, she murmured her thanks, saying, it was the most beautiful thing she had ever seen. Many of us remarked at that time how frail she was, and expressed our fears that we would not long have our "Daughter" among us. Exactly four weeks from that day our worst fears were realized. Although afflicted with an incurable disease, death came to her suddenly and painlessly at the last. Her funeral took place at the residence of Dr. Kemper, on Broadway, and called forth a great gathering of the Andersons from all parts of the country. Representatives from all the oldest families of Cincinnati were present, and the Daughters of the American Revolution were represented by the Regent and the Historian. The floral tributes were numerous and very beautiful. The Daughters of the American Revolution presented a beautiful easel made of ferns, and on it rested the insignia of the Society, wrought in blue immortelles and rosebuds, below the wheel in white flowers on a bed of fern leaves were the three letters D. A. R. The services were simple, being conducted by the Rev. Mr. Boke, assistant rector of St. Paul's Episcopal Church, of which Mrs. Kendrick was a devout member. As the family wished the burial to be private, only the relatives, with a few friends and the Regent and the Historian followed her to her grave in beautiful Spring Grove. When the flowers were placed upon the mound, the family put the

emblem of the Daughters at the head of the grave. Mrs. Kendrick was buried with the button of the order upon her breast, which was a beautiful idea, full of sentiment.

The daughter of a distinguished Revolutionary officer, a member of one of the oldest and most prominent families in the country, Mrs. Kendrick was indeed a unique figure among us, and her loss to the Society in a historical sense is irreparable; no one can arise and take her place. Of the older generation of Andersons only one survives, Governor Charles Anderson, of Kuttawa, Lyon County, Kentucky. Of this family it may be said that they were, and are, among the people who make history. And we know and feel that among their descendants there are those who are worthy to perpetuate the glory and honor of the name.

HARRIET FISHER GREVE,
Historian, Cincinnati Chapter.

MRS. EVA HART GOFF.

IN the death of Mrs. Eva Hart Goff, of Clarksburg, West Virginia, the Society of the Daughters of the American Revolution loses one of its most ardent and enthusiastic members. She belonged to a long line of patriots. She was a lineal descendant of Edward Hart, of New Jersey, who organized the first company, known as the "Jersey Blues," and commanded them at the battle of Quebec, and of his son, John Hart, a signer of the Declaration of Independence, whose history is interwoven closely with the early annals of New Jersey, and whose life was so upright that it earned for him the soubriquet of "Honest John Hart." In 1893 she was appointed the first State Regent of West Virginia, and while ardently alive to the needs of a young State Society, ill health compelled her resignation in the early part of the present year.

The flag of her country was a most sacred emblem to her and one of her last acts was to make by hand a large ensign to leave as a memorial to her family. It was her ardent desire to see the youth of this country taught to respect the Stars and Stripes as a symbol of loyalty, patriotism, and love of liberty.

She possessed a truly noble character, and the charity she had for all made her the center of a large circle of devoted friends.

She died in Brooklyn July 2, 1895, and by a touching coincidence her burial took place on the Fourth of July, while drums and banners were commemorating the birthday of the country she loved so well.

L. H.





